

O FUL,

Tru, un Bertikler Okeawnt

O BWOTH WAT AW SEED UN WAT AW
YERD, WE GOOIN TOO THE

GREYT EGGSHIBISHUN,
E LUNDUN,

An o greyt deyle o Winfirmashun besaide,

WELE KALKILATUD FUR TO GIV THOOSE FOKE O GRADELY
HINSEET HINTO THINGS, US HASSENT AD NOTHUR
TOIME NUR BRASS FUR TO GOO UN SEE FUR
THERSELS;

KONTAINING LOIKEWOISE

O DIKSHUNAYRE,

MANEFAKTURT FARE O PURPUS FUR THOOSE
US UR NOAN FUR LARN'T.

BE O FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

O FUR SIXPUNZE.

SEKUND EDISHUN WELE FETTELT, PERTIKLER ITH
DIKSHUNAYRE LYNE.

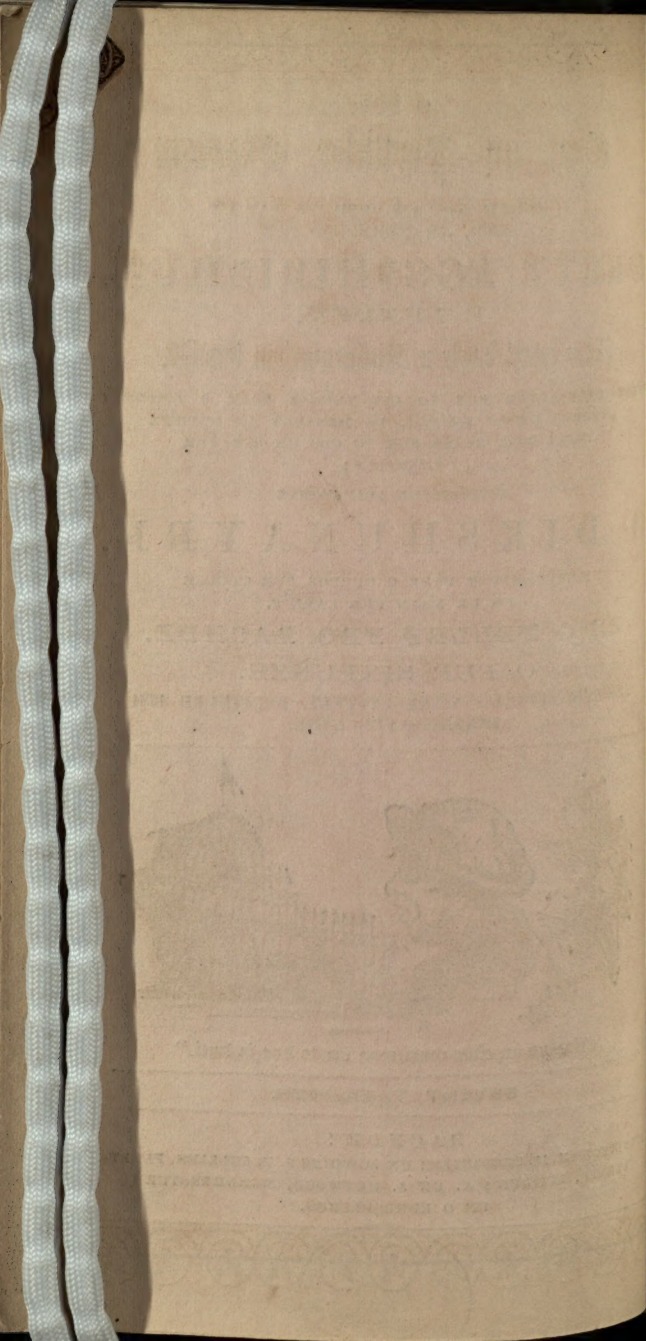


"Englun expekts eburu mon fur to doo is duti."

SEVENT THEAWSUN.

RACHDE :

PRINTUD BE H. M. CROSSKILL; UN SOWD BE S. Y. COLLINS, FLEET-
STRETE, LUNDUN; A. UN J. HEYWOOD, MANCHESSTUR;
UN O BUKESELLURS.



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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

P R E F F U S .

Aw gues, iv aw mun be loike uthur foke us roites bukes, aw mun av o preffus, fur ov ardly evur sin o buke ony toime (un ov sin o greyt deyle), but wat has ad o preffus o sum mak ; saime toime, aw connut see us preffusses dun mich gud ; fur wat use is it fur to start o buke we tellin foke wat ther is in it. Let um rede fur thersels, un then they con beleave ther oan een. Besoide, iv aw wor fur to tel foke ut startin wat it wor o obeawt, they met sa, e that wor o us ther wor in, they kared naut obeawt it, un aw met loyse o custumer. Uthur sum met sa, us od promist moore nur they fund, un aw wor chettin foke, wen, uth saime toime, aw wor dooin o us evur o mon cud doo, fur to plez um.

O us aw gettin fur to sa then is, us aw shol nevr hause fur to roite o preffus ut o, nobbut this littul un us om dooin neaw ; so nobbdi con foinde no faut oppo keawnt o that, obut thoose us win foinde faut watevr o mon dus. To maw thynkin, evuri boddi us reeds maw buke ul loike it, un e they dunnut, aw connut elp it ; saime toime, iv om reet, mony o won ul reed it twice oer, un then it ul nobbut kost um thripunze o toime.

E conklushun, aw nobbut this fur to sa, us aw shud loike evuri boddi fur to reed maw buke, but thoose us winnut con let it o be, un thoose us reeds it, un dusent loike it, shol ha ther brass bak, e they'n bring it to me weth' levs noane cut oppen.

THE AWTHUR.

RACHDE, *Desembur* 1st, 1851.

PREFFUS TUTH SEKUND EDISHUN.

Om wele plest, veri, us sich o rooke o foke un bin reedin maw buke; aw towd yo us it wod be so, did'ent aw? Un fur aut us aw con yer, thoose us reeds it, loikes it, fur om obleeght oreddy, fur to hav o lott moore printud. Aw bin towd us sum foke sen, us they dunnut eggsaktly understand o us ther is e maw buke, but that's noane o maw faut, is it? Aw connut fit foke op we bwoth bukes un branes, con aw? They sen us o deyle o foke wanten fur to kno iv its me, ur sumboddi elze wat's ritten it; un us they kepen botherin ther yeds obeawt it so mich, ol just saddle that poynt, wonst fur o. It is me, un noboddi elze, fur aw dun it o mesel. Aw gues neaw yo'l be quite oppo that questin, fur iv ony mon livin, besoide, ses us e's had aut to doo we it, e dus'ent tel tru, that's wat aw getten fur to sa. Ax Simon Pike, e noes.

Yo'l see us ov made th' Dikshunayre rayther biggur nur it wor, bekose om towd us foke ar'nt hauve us fur larn't us aw thaut they wer'n, moore shaim for um, neaw us we'n getten so mony skoos, bwoth Sunda un warty, us levs foke beawt ony 'scuse ut o.

No mon con get larnin beawt labber, aw hannut dun, un e foke winnut lay thersels gradely deawn too it, they'n no moore get larnin hinto ther yeds, nur they wod'en we scrattin um uth eawtsoide. Wat aw getten fur to say is, get o th' larnin us evur yo con, fur yo mun be mad ut yorsels, wen o mon loike me mays o buke kalkilatud fur to plez ony boddi, un uth saime toime yo connut understand it, just mete bekose yo're beawt edikashun, us ony mon con get neaw, fur th' valerashun ov o shillin ur too o weke.

E konklushun, om mich obleeght to yo o, fur reedin maw buke, un wele plest fur to yer foke sa us ov elpt fur to may um hav o merri Kerzmus, un so neaw aw wish evuryboddi, evuryweere, o appy nu yer, un th' saime loike fur mesel,

TH' FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

RACHDE, Janewayre furst,
Eightene hundurth un fifte-too.



O FELLEY FRO RACHDE'S

TRU UN PERTIKLER OKEAWNT O BWOTH WAT E SEED, UN
WAT E YERD, WE GOOIN TO TH'

GREYT EGGSHIBISHUN,

E LUNDUN.

Chaptur Furst.

Obeawt gooin fro whome un nevir gooin to popshops.—Startin fur th' Greyt Eggshibishun. Loike fur to bin taen in we o cab chap.—Gettin to Mestur Simon Pike's, e Lundun.—Loike to bin taen in we o Ladi.—Seein rooks o cabs un foke.—Taen in wi o homnibus felley.—Gooin tuth Krystil Palus.

To maw thynkin evury mon us con foind toime un brass, shud beaw un then goo fro whome, fur iv o mon keawurs deawn uv his oan durstoane o his loive, e dulent kno naut o wat's gooin on in his oan nativ lond, heaw con e, un ut tis presunt toime to maw thynkin, od eldur goo fur o sodier, nur olis stop wheere aw wur born, just mete saime us o moile stoane ur o turmit. Wen o mon's bin o travillur un ad o deyle o diskoarse we his felley kratur e con goo hinto ony mak o kumpany us e appens fur to be ax'd fur to goo hinto, beawt lookin sich o foo. It mays his moind grew biggur, un saime toime iv it wor fur to gro biggur evury day, e nevir needs his clewus lettin eawt. Us soune us aw yerd uth Krystil Palus, un wot foke sed us ud bin theree, thynks aw to mesel, "that's the ticket," un aw startud o studyin obeawt it, un ofore lung aw 'greed wi mesel us od goo, othur be hooke ur be krooke. Od saift o bit o brass, un we that od no sanner komn too o konklushun fur to goo, nur aw wor welley reddy fur to "kut me blessed stik." Iv od had no brass, od nevir o dun us aw bin towd o deyle o chaps han dun. Waw! they sen us mony o won us popt bwoth watchus un clewus o purpus fur to raze brass fur to goo we. Aw nevir popt naut e o me loive, un, bith mon, od raythur clem nur send aut op speawt ut me unkles, fur aw nevir need o chap us went mich too o pop shop, us geet on, un no mon livin con to maw thynkin.

Ofore aw seet hoff aw spirr'd ov o felley us ud bin, us aw kepe kumpani wee, obeawt wheere aw met stay o neet un sich loike, un

wen od maid streyte we mi wark, un getten me maistur fur to sa us aw met goo, aw geet op soune won mornin, fur aw cud slepe noane that neet, not aw, un aw donn'd me hallida clewus on, un wen od getten me breykfust, (fur aw con olis heyte iv aw connut slepe,) aw startud hoff, koed un shook honds, et setero, we Jinny un laft fur Mestur Simon Pike's, e Gumshun-strete, Lundun. Aw tuke we me o lott o stuf fur to kepe me gooin ith heyтин loine, til aw geet tuth fur end, us aw cuddent be himpost on oppo th' rode.

Wen aw fund mesel e me shet ith ralerode carrige un gradely started fro Manchesstur, aw cud ardly beleeve me oan een, saime toime it wor so, us ony boddi met see us noed me. Aw dunnut kno us it wod be ov ony mak o use fur me to roite mich obeawt wat aw seed oppo th' rode, fur we wenten so sharp whol aw cud-dent see mony thyngs us od ony mak o skil on, obut neaw un then tuthre keaws un orses us wor fretent un cut hoff wen they seed th' trane comin.

Aw seed sum foriners get eawt uth trane e won plaze, aw gues fur to get summut fur to heyte un sup, un wen aw seed um goo hinto o plaze us wor fine enuf fur o Parleyment mon fur to heyte in, thynks aw to mesel yo'l ha to pa fur yor wistuls, owd lads. Eh! wat o chin won on um ad, o cuvert we ure, aw cuddent but studdi heaw e cud foinde th' rode hinto his meawth, aw gues e wor o Frenchmun o sum mak. We pood op ut o plaze koed Stafford, un ut won koed Wulvurtun, un o deyle moore plazus besaide us aw connut rekillekt ut tis presunt toime, but thoose o maw reedurs wat's bin theere, ul unbethynk um, aw dar sa. Ut last ov o, we koome to Lundun, un th' furst thing us aw did wor to see e me brass wor o reet, un fur to batten op me breechus pokits, feyrd ut sumboddi met rob me, fur od bin towd ut Lundun wor welley ful o pikpokits.

Wen aw geet eawt uth carrige, eh! wat o lott o coachus aw seed, oboon o hundurth to maw thynkin. Won chap koome op to me un sed "Waunt o cab, Sur." Roidin e cabs wor otogethur eawt o maw loine, saime toime us it wur gettin lat, aw thaut od av o doo fur wonse e me loife, iv aw cud av it dun chep. Od yerd us thees cab chaps olis ax'd o greyte deyle moore nur they shud doo, un so aw sed, om fro Rachde, un om gooin to Mestur Simon Pike's, e Gumshun-strete, wat win yo tay me for, if yo plez? Fur too un sizpunze, Sur, e sed. Aw sed, ol gie thee sixpunze e that ul doo, un, bith mon, e cut hoff loike leetenin, un aw nevr seed naut no moore on im, so aw hook't me parsel oppo me umbrel, un startud hoff oppo foote, fur aw wur noane beawn to be dun. Od getten derekshuns oppo o pese o pappur, un we furst spirrín o won poleese, un then uv onuther, aw koome ut last ov o to Mestur Simon Pike's dur, un sum fane aw wur. Aw seed o nocker on his dur, un od no sannur letten it hoff, nur o yung ladi koome tath dur, un aw sed, iv yo plez om fro Rachde, its me wat sent o lettur

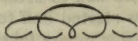
O RACHDE FELLEY'S OKEAWNT UTH EGGSHIBISHUN.

obeawt stayin o neet heere, un wi that hoo sed, wauk in, Sur. Aw wor meterly wele plest we th' reawm us hoo show'd me hinto, fur it loukt clen un dasunt. Wen od keawert me deawn tuthre minnits, Mestur Pike koome in, un ax't me heaw aw wur, un sich loike, un iv aw dident want summut fur to heyte, un aw sed, aw doo if yo plez, un ol oathur ha porrich ur tay, us soun us evur yo con. E sed, wat did u say, Sur? Aw sed, ol ha oathur porrich ur tay, but od no sanner spokken, nur aw unbethaut me us e mettent kno wat porrich wor, un aw sed ol tak tay if yo plez, un oathur ard brade ur o loafe butterkake we it. Wen od getten me baggin, hoff aw started fur to see the greyt Sitty o Lundun, furst ov o takkin kare us me breechus pokits wor buttent, us noboddi met pik um.

Aw ax'd me rode too o plaze koed Pikadilly, un wen aw geet there, aw seed sich o rooke o foke un carrigus us aw nevr seed e o me loife ofore, nevr; thynks aw to mesel, th' Quene mun be comin, un wi that aw ax'd o poleesmun wat th' prosesshun wor for, un heaw sune it ud be gwon by, us aw met cros oer th' rode, un, to maw greyt gloppunment, e towd me us it wur nobbut wat wor reglar gooin on e that plaze, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, abut wen they wenten we Clemunt Royds tuth Blupits, toime us e wor hi-sherifin. Us aw wor stonnin there hadmyrin wat wor gooin on, o Ladi koome op to me un sed, how doo u doo, Sur? Aw sed, yo'ne th' advantige on me, iv yo plez, aw nevr seed yo ofore us aw kno on, aw nobbut koome fro Rachde to-day. Indeede, hoo sed, I've seen u in Rochdil many o toime; is your mothur livvin now? Thynks aw to mesel, aw sum deawts oppo that questin, un o ut wonst it koome hinto me yed, us hoo wur no bettur nur hoo shud be, un us hoo dident kno naut obeawt Rachde. Aw sed too hur, yo noane Rachde, dun yo? Hoo sed, sertainly. Wel, then, aw sed, con yo tel me heaw mony steps ther is op to th' owd church? Aw seed in o minnit us hoo wor fast, but just ut tis presunt toime o poleesmun koome op, un aw sed, iv yo plez, this Ladi ses us hoo knoes me, un to maw thynkin, hoo's umbuggin me. We that e sed, com moove on, un hoo kut hoff loike leetenin, e no toime. Aw wor noane sich o foo us hoo tooke me fur to be. Aw went forrud obeawt o moile fur, un wat we th' din o carrigus un foke, aw wor welley gawmles. Rachde rushbarin wor o foo too it, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, nevr; un us aw wor feyrd o missin me rode, bekose it wor grewin dark, aw turnt me reawnd ogen un geet saif un seawnd bak to Mestur Simon Pike's, un geet to bed. Nesht mornin, aw startud hoff to th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un, to maw thynkin, ther wor moore foke un carrigus nur aw seed th' neet ofore, aw nevr seed naut loike it, nevr. Aw felt e me pokits wor buttent un me brass o reet, un oway aw went us ard as ony on um us wor ofoote.

Aw seed o plaze koed Hide Park cornur, where th' Duke o Wellintun livs, him us lethurt Boneypart; e's getten o owd felley

neaw. Aw bin tow'd us won neet wen e wor ut o parti us th' Quene gan, us th' owd felley dropt oslepe in is cheer, un wen th' Quene seed im, hoo went un tikelt hiz faze, whol e wakent. Eh! heaw aw shud o stayrt iv hoo'd o dun it be me. Th' owd chap drest knots hoff Bony, didnt he? But om hoff we feightin'; om o fur Cobdin un thame us wanten fur to doo oway we it otogethur, fur ther wod'ent be hauve us mony kilt e ther wor no feightin. Oeronent th' Duke's heawse, uth top o wot they koen Konstitushun Hil, aw seed o kast iron likeness on im oppo orsebak, us big us loife, un biggur. He'd o kloak on un o rowlur pin e won hond, saime us wimmen usen, wen they maen mowfins. Aw nevr noed ofore wat e wor koed Iren Duke for. Ut tis presunt toime it startud o raynin, un so aw thrutch'd me rode us fast us aw cud goo in o greyt creawd o foke, un us aw wor gooin on, o homnibus koome past, un o chap us stoo'de uth bak soide on't bekont on me fur to get in; thynks aw to mesel he's o gud naturt chap; aw gues e sees us om gettin me Sundi clewus deetud. E koed uth droiver fur to stop, un ax'd me iv aw wur fur the Greyt Eggshibishun, un aw sed, ah—un we that e tow'd me fur to get in, un in aw geet. We soun'e koome tuth Krystil Palus. Eh! wat o rook o foke ther wor there, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, nevr. Aw geet heawt uth homnibus un aw sed tuth felley us leet me ride, om verri mich obleeght to yo om shure, un aw con but thank yo, un aw wur turnin reawnd fur to goo hinto th' Palus, wen e turn'd on me us savidge us iv he'd o hetten me, un ax'd me fur forepenze. Forepenze, aw sed, wat for? Un e made onsur, fur ridin, to be shure, Sur. Waw, aw sed, whoo ax'd thee fur to ride, didnt theaw koe on me fur to get in? But o us aw cud sa wor o no mak o use watsumevur, un th' powsement sed us iv aw didnt pay there un then, he'd koe o poleese us wor uth tuther soide uth rode, un, bith mon, wen aw yerd that, aw deawn wi me brass in o minnit. Aw seed us aw wor taen in, saime toime, it wor o deyle bettur fur to saddle we th' powsedurt, nur get hinto o Nu Baley so fur fro whome. Thynks aw to mesel, iv om dun ogen e this rode om o Dutchmun, un we that, heere endeth the furst chapter.





Chaptur Sekund.

Obeawt wat aw seed ith Krystil Palus.—The greyt Dimun.—Grand cheers un tabuls.—Sum stuff cats, un o frog bein shav't.—O deyle o foke fro forin parts, won chap we o chin loike o billy gote.—Obeawt 'freshment reawm un foke heyтин ice.—Seed sum wull felleys fro Rachde, un o deyle o thyngs besaide us yo'l reed obeawt wen yo comn too it.—O presarvt pig too, us od loike to furgetten.

Aw waitud o greyt whoile ofore aw cud get oer th' rode tuth Palus, beawt bein run oer, fur ther wor sich carrigus un foke, aw nevr seed naut like it ofore, nevr. Ut last ov o, aw geet fare tuth dur uth Krystil Palus, un sum gloppent aw wor, aw cud ardly beleve me oan een; aw stay'rt un stay'rt ogen whol foke met thynk us aw wor noane reet e me yed, heawsumevur we o greyt deyle o thrutchin aw geet fur to pay me shillin, un in aw went. Us sume us od getten gradely thru th' dur ole, o gentelmun ax'd me iv od av o katalog, un aw sed om mich obleeght to yo, om shure, un ol tak kare fur to lev it yo ogen wen om gooin eawt. They're o shillin eech, e sed. O, aw sed, that's onuthur kaze, it ul be o no mak o use to me wen aw get whome ogen, obut sellin it fur to lap shugur in, fur o deyle less nur have o wat yo axen for it; aw sed ol gie yo tuppunze fur to let me ha th' use on't till neet; heawsumevur he'd yer naut o that, un so aw went forrud. Aw wor noane beawn fur to be dun twice e won day. Un neaw fur th' Krystil Palus, un wat aw seed. Bith mon, aw con ardly tel heaw fur to start o tellin the gentul reedur wot ther wor ith Greyt Eggshibishun, aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, nevr, un to maw thynkin, aw nevr shol ogen. Aw seed foke fro o quarturs welley, fro Frans un Yorkshur, fro Owdum un Jarmuny, mesel fro Rachde, foke fro Inde un Scotlun, un fro Omerika un Backup, un Chiney, un fro Yeywud, un o deyle moore plazes us ov no mak o skil on.

Ther's o plaze ith Skripter us ov just unbethaut me on, wat tels ov o greyt lott o foke us wor wonst ut Jerusolum. It ul be fund ith sekund chaptur o the gospil akwording to Acts, startin uth nynt vers. Yo mun foind it fur yorsels, un wen yo'ne sin it, un aw tel yo us ther wor moore maks o foke ith Greyt Eggshibishun, toime us om speykin on, yo'l oppen yor een, aw no yo wil.

Aw shol nevr hause fur to tel obeawt o us aw seed, heaw con aw? un noboddi e Rachde cud om shure, saime toime aw mun doo me best hindavur fur to insense yo hinto it, us aw con. Aw geet in ut wat they koen seawth entruns, un, bith mon, e ther wer'nt sum trees grewin, un gradely big'uns too, its tru, fur shure. Aw wor wele plest fur to see th' Quene un Prins Halburt oppo orse bak us natterubul us loife, un us whoite us chauk; they'rn wele dun, verri. Close osoide on um, aw seed o greyt glas thyng welley th' shap ov o umbrel, un waytur comin eawt uth top on't, un us aw wor studdyin obeawt it, thynks aw to mesel, it mun be the greyt Dimun us ov yerd so mich on, un od loike fur to made o foo o mesel we axin o gentelmun iv it wor so, but o wummun just sav't me, we axin im just mete saime questin ofore me. E made onsur un sed, no, my gud wummun, this is the krystil fountun. Whol hoo wor taukin too im aw seed o chap showin onuthur felley weere obeawts th' Ko-e-nure wor, un so aw turnt me reawnd un aw sed, Mistris, the greyt Dimun us theere, under that brass kage. Ther's naut loike o chap avin his wits obeawt im, is ther? O poleesmun wor takkin kare uth Dimun, un it wor in o kage loike o pol-parrut. Aw dar sa us yo'l thynk us om umbuggin yo, wen aw sa us this greyt Dimun koed Ko-e-nure, us ther's bin sich o greyt din obeawt, us no biggur, nur arldy us big, us o bo o coblar's wax ur o kidney pottato, un, fur o that, they sen us its wurth too milliuns o peawnds. Waw, fur ony mak o use us it ud be to me. aw wodent potter eawt foive shillin for't. Gooin streight deawn fro theere, aw seed o greyt deyle o wat they koen statts, diferunt shaps o thyngs, orsus un felleys, sum on um sittin e cheers, un dogs, un lyons, un o maks o thyngs us ony boddi con thynk obeawt, o us big us loive, un sum biggur, un sum wele they loukt. aw nevr seed naut loike um ofore, nevr. Aw turnt hinto o plaze koed Spane, un seed sich o rook o grand swerds un pistills un sich loike, thynks aw to mesel, e Rachde Yomunre ad o rook loike theese, th' enemie ud be welley flay'd eawt ov his wits wen they wenten ogen hinto forin parts. Us aw wor turnin eawt ogen who shud aw see but Sam o Jack's o Dik's o Mikel's. Ello, Sam. aw sed, who'd o thaut o seein thee heere? Waw, e sed, aw shud us sune o thaut o seein ony boddi us thee, Bob. Aw sed, heaw's thee faythur, owd lad? Waw, e sed, he's poor un harty, un we that we shook honds un partud, fur e wur gooin up, un aw wor gooin deawn. Next us aw seed wor o lott o the most splendashus cheers un tabuls un cubburts ns evur ony mon seed, om shure. Aw wor towd us they koome fro o plaze koed Ostrea. Eh! heaw grand they wer'n, noboddi e Rachde has naut loike um, om shure: aw dunnut thynk ut th' Quene hersel has, fur, to maw thynkin, no mon livvin cud may aut moore grander. Aw shud o bin feyrd o sittin oppo thoose cheers, om shure, e they'rn mine.

Aw geet hinto sum part o Jarmuny next, un aw seed th' shap uth plaze weere Prins Halburt wor bred un born; it loukt wele verri. O noice heawse oppo o hil soide, we treease reawnd it, un

O RACHDE FELLEY'S OKEAWNT UTH EGGSHIBISHUN.

noane so fur hoff, o greyt rook o foke fiddlin un doancin, un sich
 loike, osoide uv o aleheawse; aw gues it wor th' shap uth gooins on
 wen they yerd us th' Prins wor gooin to wed th' Quene o Englan.
 E cuddent o dun us wele ony weere elze, cud e? It wor o rare
 day's wark fur im, wern't it? saime toime e dissarves o gud wife
 us wele us ony boddi, fur e olis moinds his oan bisness, un let's
 athur fokesus o be, un that's wat mony o won durent. Aw gues
 e's o farmur be trayde, fur aw seed corn un stof ith Eggshibishun
 op stares, us wor derektud "fro Prins Halbert farm." O bit fur
 un aw seed summut us tikkelt me oboon o bit, aw dunnut thynk
 us ony mon livvin cud foind eawt wot it wor, but ol tel yo. Ther
 wor obeawt haue o duzen stuff cats sittin e cheers avin o tay
 laggin, reawnd o tabul, un won on um stooode uth bak uth tuther,
 hawsin fur to wate on. Sum on um wor howdin ther sawsers e
 won hond un wor suppin eawt uth kups we'th tuther, just mete
 same us quallite foke dun. Oeronent um aw seed onuthur on o
 cheer, we it frunt legs oppo o peeano, howdin it yed op un it
 weawth oppen loike foke dun wen ther hawsin fur to sing un pla.
 Osoide o thame aw seed o frog tryin fur to shave onuthur frog us
 wor in o cheer, un in onuthur nook, bith mon, e ther wern't o frog
 gonnin oppo too legs un howdin o umbrel. Eh! heaw quare it did
 luke. Besoide o theese, aw seed o bantum kok un o fox bwouth
 gonnin we bukes ofore um, un lukin us fause us fause cud be, un
 o weezul roitin ogen o desk, un it wor set oer it e roitin, o attorney.
 Thynks aw to mesel, that's o gud un, fur Turneys ur us fause us
 weezuls un wor to katch, but e they gotten howd ov ony boddi they'l
 hawk o th' blud eawt on um saime loike us weezuls dun. Aw
 wondert mony o toime heaw th' chap us stuff um geet it hinto his
 yed fur to put um e that rode, aw lafft whol aw wor welley feyrd
 o brastin, aw wor so tikkelt we um, aw dar sa us sum foke us
 stooode there met thynk us aw wor o bit sauft, saime toime aw
 noed wat aw wor dooin us wele us ony on um. Us aw wor turnin
 fro there, o chap us to maw thynkin wor nevur shav't sin e wor
 born, fur e'd o chin loike o billegote, koome to me un ax'd me sum-
 out, but e taukt so quare whol aw cud nothur may end nur soide
 un im, nobbut us e koed me Monsheere osted o Bob. Aw cud
 may naut ut o on im, un we stay'rt ut won onuthur loike too foos.
 Aw sed, iv yo plez, aw com fro Rachde, un we dunnut tauk e that
 rode weere aw com fro, un aw connut understand yo. Thynks aw
 to mesel e appen wants fur to kno weere th' greyt dymun is, so
 aw geet howd ov is arm, un pood im hinto wat aw ko th' turnpike
 rode uth Eggshibishun, un bok'd we me fingur weere it wor, but
 e wag'd his yed un aw seed us aw wor mistaen, fur e spluttert
 eawt sum mak o gibberish un laft me. Foke met ha no sens
 larnin fur to tauk e that rode. Soune aftur aw seed o mon we o
 faze welley us blak us o kole. Eh! e mut ha bin sum brunt sum-
 weere; aw gues e koome fro sumweere ith Indis. Aw wonse yerd
 e mon sa us he'd o unkel us wor o sodiur theree un it wor so wott
 e sum plazus, whol they ad fur to goo o ther honds un neese fur
 to kepe ther baks fro tutchin th' sun. It met be so fur aut us aw

kno, but it wor quare iv it wor. Aw kept gooin in un eawt, furst into won plaze un then into onuthur. Eh! wat lotts o thyngs aw did but see; aw nevr seed naut loike it ofore, nevr. Its no mak o use me troyin fur to insens yo hinto o us aw seed, aw's nevr hause, aw shud be o foo iv aw did. Aw seed o maks o wat they koen shandeleers un lamps, un grand boxus un jewilury, un then aw koome to o greyt rook o carrigus, gradely honsum uns us evur o mon clapt his een on; too on um ud wudden orses in. Eh! hear natteruble they loukt, un om shure us ony boddi, uth furst seet, mun ha thaut us they'rn wick. Ut last ov o, wen aw wor gettin wele tyert, aw koome o ut wonst hinto o plaze ful o heyten stuf us they koed 'freshment reawm, un th' furst thyng us aw seed wor sum veyle pyes; thynks aw to mesel thoose ur the jokeys fur me, un aw keawert me deawn omung o greyt rooke o foke, un aw sed too o chap us wor waytin on, ol thank yo for won o thoose pyes, iv yo plez, un we that e braut we won in o minnit, un aw pade im for it furst goo hoff, un sum noice it wor, raythur o smo pese too fur sixpunze. Us aw wor heytin it, o gentlemun us wor osoide o me sed, "I s'pose u com from the kuntry." Aw sed, aw com fro Rachde; yo ma ko it kuntry, but we koen it o teawn, un we senden o member to parleyment. Sharmun Crawford gwos fur us; dun ye kno Sharmun," aw sed. "No, Sur," e sed. "Dun yo kno Tom Livsey, then," aw sed. "I kannut sa that I doo," e sed. "Waw," aw sed, "ol be sunken e yo noane aut; dun yo nevr reed th' news fur ther's welley olis summut in obeawt Rachde; un as fur me comin fro th' kuntry, yo met tank e that rode iv aw koome fro Smobrige, ur Mildro, ur fro sich o spot us Owdum." We that, e pood in his horns o bit, un sed us e dident meyne ony ofens, un aw sed "its o reet, e yo'l be quite, aw wil," un we geet quite thik. Aw sed too im, "iv aw ma be so bowd, e yo plez, win yo tel me wat that is us yo'ne bin heytin eawt o that glas?" "O," e sed, "its an ice, my gud fello." "Waw," aw sed, dun they heyte ice e this kuntry, then?" "O yes," e sed. "Well," aw sed. bith mon, its quare; we usen it fur skatin on weere aw com fro: heawsumevur, aw seed us ther wor summut put in, un thynks aw to mesel, ol spekilate fur wonst, fur aw's appen nevr com e theese parts ogen; so aw sed tuth chap us wor waytin on, "Ol thank yo fur o glas ful o that ice, iv yo plez." Wen e braut it, e sed, "Sixpunze, iv u plees." "Kom," aw sed, "dunnt be mayin o foo on me; yo dunnot meyne us yo sen." "That's the prise, sir," e sed, un e show'd me o ticket us wer oppo th' wole wat sed—Ices, sixpunze eech. Thynks aw to mesel, it ul do noane fur me to liv heere, same toime aw gan im his bras, fur aw cud olis get hoff we payin. To be shure, aw nevr tastud naut loike it ofore, it wur kowd un culurt, un wor meterly gud, but, bith mon, it wor dun e no toime, un evury meawthful us aw swollud. thynks aw, theere gwos onuthur penn'urth. Wen od dun heytin. aw startud fur to goo op stares, fur ut tis presunt toime od nevr bin theere. Us aw wor gooin aw seed sum wull felleys fro Rachde—won wor Mestur Roburt Taylur Yep; e wares spekte-

kuls; e fot his wife fro Berry. Aw sin hur faythur mony o toime, un o foine owd chap e is, olis we blak clewus on, un leggins saime loike us o preychur. Aw noed Mestur Yep's faythur too, e wor o justis, saime mon. Me unkul Dik us ad mony o shillin on im ut toime un toime. To maw thynkin it wor moore splendashuser op stares nor deawn. Aw seed orgins, un peeanus, un trumpits, un kordians uv o maks un sizus, un fidduls un o. They'rn sum uth grandist karpits us evur aw clapt me een on, aw wondur heaw foke cud foinde e ther harts fur to set ther shune on um; aw seed won fro Mestur Brights, eh! it wor o bonny un, un won ut o hundurth un fife ladis ud made fur to be gan tuth Quene. Dunnut yo thynk us moore gud wod o bin dun, e thoose ladis ud dun sum wark fur o poor chap loike me. Aw shuddent loike we me sayin so, fur ony boddi fur to get it hinto ther yeds us om noane fur th' Quene un Prins Halbert, fur iv aw seed ony boddi tutch oathur on um, aw cud ardly howd me honds hoff um, iv it wor me oan faythur. Wat duu they want we foke givin um stuf? Waw, th' Quene un hur husbun mun av o greyt deyle moore brass nur they noone heaw to get shut on, fur o us they gwon o seet seein so nich. Aw kno us hoo shuddent be fund faut we e foke win send stuf to hur. Waw, o whoile sin o owd wummun e Yorshur sent th' Quene o kitlin, un wen hoo yerd us it wor fro o poor owd cratur us ad naut mich, th' Quene sent hur o foive peawn note. Oh send hur o waggin lod o grewn op cats ut that proice, un gie tathre kitlins in uth bargain. But us aw wor sayin, aw wor sum gloppent we wat aw seed ith Egghibishun op stares. Ther wor o lot o stuf craturs o diferunt maks, brids, un sich loike, un ol be sunken e ther wern't o greyt pig presarv't whole, just mete saime us iv it wor gradely wik. Just wen aw wor turnin o korner, od loike to bin freetent, fur aw koome oppo th' suddin oeronent o felley, eh! wat o chap e wor, eh! wat o yed e ad! un wat ure e ad oppo his faze—eh! wat o felley, un sich quare clewus—eh! wat o chap fur shure. Aw wundur't mony o toime weere e koome fro, aw cud noather ma end nur soide on im, saime toime aw rekken e mut kom fro sumweere. Wen od dun stayrin ut this rum-gumshus chap, aw turn't me reawnd fur to luke ut sum payntud windus, us bonny thyngs us evur aw clapt me een on; eh! they wor sum grand. Won wor th' shap ov o ladi lukin eawt ov o windo, us natterable, whol aw cud welley o spokken too hur. O bit fur on aw seed Mestur Mowlsurth us livs un preychus e Spotlun. Th' Viker's his faythur; him wats ad so mich lan ogate, but e's raythur quitur just neaw, toime for im. Wat o row we wonst ad we im obeawt church rates, but e wor gradely beytten. Ofore od o made sich o doo, od o wesh'd me oan geawn un elen't th' church op mesel it neet toime, wen od dun me tathur wark. But aw bin towd us th' Viker o Rachde has oboon the theawsun peawnd o yer comin in, un us e dusent preych us nich, nur haue us mich, us mony o won us nobbut has o hundurth un fife o yer. Waw, mony o won ud preych evury da ith weke, Seturda un o, fur haue o that brass, oathur ther oan sarmuns ur

th' best us they cud leet on. Iv aw wor o churchmun e Rachde we o that brass comin in, aw cuddent for shame o me faze, ax ony boddi fur o haupenny nobbut we o kollekshun, saime loike us Methodis un othur foke dun. Luke uth Ranturs, wat o noice chappil they han, o lot o poore foke us kepes oathur too ur thre preychurs, aw dunnut eggsaktly kno wich—did they evur ax ony boddi fur o church rate?—naut ut soart. Heawsumevur om fane us th' church foke ur hawsin fur to mend. Mester Samul Brelley, they sen, us dooin it. He's bin gooin obeawt his oan sel, axin fur o church rate, un tellin foke us they met oathur pay ur let it o be, just to ther oan loikin. Aw connut see us ony boddi con foind mich faut we that, con yo? Samul us Mestur Abram's bruthur. him wat's made so mich brass we cottun spinnin un weyvin. Eh! wat brass e mun ha made! But o traydes un bin gud e ther toime. hannut they? We'n o chap e Rachde wats made his fortin we sellin haupurths o toffe, un neaw un then o penn'urth too o whol-sale custumer. Aw cud tell hoo it wor, but us he's toffee'd hissel hinto o hindependunt gentulmun, aw gues e woddent loike me fur to put his name deawn e maw buke, saime toime, aw cud 'mortulize im, iv e'd nobbut let me, un, bith mon, aw wil doo e me sekund edishun, iv e'l send me wort. Eh! heaw om gettin hoff me Krystil Palusin, but auv sich o yed, fur iv aut stroikes me, us aw dunnut put deawn just theere un then, om us shure o loysin it, us iv it wor vikerage lond. Let's see, wheere ad aw gotten too? O, od just sin Mestur Mowslwurth fro Spotlun. E wed sumboddi fro Manchesstur, aw thynk; to be shure e did; e wonst wor o preychur theere. Ut tis presunt toime aw wor gettin so ill tyert we seein so mony splendashus thyngs, whol aw nobbut stopt fur to ar won moore luke, un ol tel yo wat it wor at. Yo'ne yerd tel uth Lillypushuns, aw dar sa, un obeawt o mon us travelt omung um. It wor th' loikenes o thame. O mon wor lade deawn oslepe, un o greyt lot on um obeawt th' mikel o me littul fingur wor gettin onto his balley we littul laddurs, un wor tryin fur to festen im deawn we bant, un fur o us lots on um wor waukin oer im un mayin ther wark, e nevur seem'd fur to fele um, no moore nur e they'd bin us mony eddicrops. Iv he'd bin o livvin mon, od e stay'd o neet ofore od o mist seein im wakken—eh! wat cuttin they'd o bin. Waw! e met o crom'd hauve on um hinto his breechus pokits. Thynks aw to mesel, its o quare consarn, for shure.

Sekund Chaptur gies oer heere.





Chaptur Thurd.

Stoppin uth Krystil Palus til givin oer toime.—Loike fur to bin
 dun we onuthur cab chap.—O doo we th' homnibus felley ogen.
 —Seed Jonny Barun fro Rachde.—Trafalgar Square.—Onuthur
 pikpokit.—Nelsun Moniment.—Nashnul Galury un obeawt
 Bowtun Trotturs, un th' Brytish Mooseum.

Is wor neww welley gettin givin oer toime, un us aw wor detar-
 mint fur to av us mich us evur aw cud fur me shillin, un bein ill
 tyart, aw unbethaut me us od keawer me deawn, un luke eawt uth
 loff ut th' greyt rooke o foke us ther wor ith botham. Eh! wat
 lees o foke aw did see to be shure, t'one haufe on um, to maw
 thynkin, wor fro forin parts. Aw dunnut meyne thoose forin parts
 us Rachde Yomunre gwon too, Owdum un theere, but aw meyne
 gradely forin parts, eawt o this kuntry otogethur. Aw noed um
 in o minnit we avin so mich ure oppo ther fazes, beyrds ov o
 mackels un shaps, sum on um welley o shaime to be sin, moore
 like wild craturs nur aut elze.

Us aw wor studdyin obeawt foke mayin sich foos o thersels, o
 uth suddin aw yerd sich o ringin o bells us aw nevur yerd ofore.
 Eh! wat o din ther wor to be shure, un aw seed th' foke o gooin
 eawt, un thynks aw to mesel, ther mun be summut fur to doo, o
 fere ur summut. Aw geet op us sharp us leetenin, un wor deawn
 th' stares e no toime. Aw koed eawt too o poleesemun, watevur
 is ther to doo? "O," e sed, "take yor toime, my gud man, ther
 only givin notis for the peepul to go, we klose at six o'klok."
 "Oh!" aw sed, "is that o?" E! wat o swat aw wor in, heaw-
 somevur aw tuke me toime then, un went eawt we th' creawd, un
 th' bells made sich o din whol aw wor welley gaumles.

Wen aw geet to th' dur, o chap koome to me un sed—"Want
 o cab, Sur?" Aw sed, "Doo aw be hang'd us loike, dus to
 dank us om made o brass, thee moind thee oan bisness, un ol luke
 after mesel." O bonny chap aw shud o luke't roiding in o carrige,
 shuddent aw, o poore felley loike me? Iv ony boddi ud sin me us
 aw noed, aw shuddent o noane weere to put me yed. Wen od
 gatten farelly hinto th' strete, eh! wat carriges un foke aw did see,
 it wor wur be th' haufe nur wen aw wor gooin, aw wondert mony
 o toime us noboddi wor kilt. But, stop, od loike to furgetten fur
 to tel yo us aw went ogen to th' Krystil Palus, un wat aw seed un
 yerd then, ol tel yo o bit fur on e maw buke, un e yo'l nobbut ha

seed won o theese trotturs in o ralerode carrige, un e wor sittin osoide ov o chap us ad o veri red nose, us red whol it ud welley fia iv e wesh'd his faze we coud waytur, aw gues it wor sumboddi us loikt o saup o drink, un so this Bowtun chap us wor o teetotuler, turnt too im un sed, "Mestur, heaw mich dun yo thynk us it kost fur to paynt yore nose?" "Waw," th' owd chap sed, "aw konnut eggsaktly tel, fur its noane quite finisht yet." Aw gues th' owd lad wor fur avin o saup moore, but e stopt that chap fur trottin, fur e wor us solid us box wen e gan im his onsur. But iv aw dunnut moind mesel that Bowtun chap ul be trottin th' pikters eawt o me yed; but ol tel yo wat aw seed. Ther wor pikters o Lord Broum un Sur Robart Pele, um sum duks in o poand o waytur. O loikenes o Mestur Jon Potter, Hesquire, Mare o Manchesterstur, ofore th' Quene made im Sur Jon, aw gues e'l av onuther loikenes taen neaw, us e's o diferunt mak ov o chap sin e geet o hondle too is naime. Aw seed o pikter o Jonny Gilpin, un th' shap ov o dog's yed, bwoth wele dun, veri. Theyr'n loikenesus ov o deyle moore foke besoide, un th' shap o sum childer o Mestur Samul Mortun Peto, Hesquire, un sum pratty they loukt. Aw sin ther faythur e Rachde wonst, ut o Mishunary Meetin ith Baptist Chappil. E wor ith cheer, e'd whoite breechus on, un o ruffel shurt, saime chap. E wed Mestur Kelsul dauter, un o moore daysunter felley ther isent ony weere, to maw thynkin, aw seed im goo to be wed mesel. Od loike to furgetten won pikter us aw loukt at o greyt deyle. It wor th' Quene un Prins Halburt meetin Luis Fillip un is woife, ut Richmun, un thoose us koome we um, toime us they haden fur to cut eawt o Frans, im we borrhud clewus on, un koin hissels, Mestur Smith. Th' owd mon shapt it ill fur to get turnt hoff. Iv aw wor o king od oather kepe me shop un elze od see. Od olis be fur th' poore foke, un let thoose us plenty o brass fend fur thersels. E wor o luky chap us e haddens his yed chopt hoff, saime loike us onuther king wonst ad there, aw thynk e wor koed Luis too. Ther wor wonst o king e this kuntry us ad his yed chopt hoff, e wor koed Charles, iv om noane mistaen. E theese kings ud nobbut doo us they'd loike fur to be dun too, foke ud want noane o ther yeds, not they. Onuther pikter us aw wor raythur tikkelt we, wor o rook o lads keawert reawnd o tabul us ad o greyt pese o beefe un o rook o moore stuf on. They'rn sittin we ther nives un forks e ther onds reddy fur startin o heyting, an ther een fare glistent ogen, un th' pikter wor koed. "Ther's o gud toime comin lads." Eh! they did luke us iv they wantud fur to be at it. Onuther pikter us wor there wor dun we o chap us mony o won e Rachde knone veri wele. It wor paintud we Mestur Rodgur Fentun, o son o Mestur Jon Fentun's e Baymfurth, him us wor o Membur o Parleyment fur Rachde, ofore we senten fur Sharmun. E dident loike Parleymentin, un so e gan oer, un neaw om towd us his toime's taen op, we choppin treese deawn, un delvin, un sich loike wark, in his oan lond, we clogs on sumtoimes, saime loike us ony poor chap. Katch me we clogs on, ur delvin oathur, iv od us mich brass us im, saime toime

e's o reet fur to doo us e loikes, fur ant us aw kno. Rodgur wants fur to get hinto Parleyment, un koome deawn fur to see e Rachde foke ud let im goo, o lung toime sin, ofore Sharmun ud gin op. But it wodent doo Mestur Rodgur, un nevr wil doo to maw thynkin, we mun av o gradely Raddikil us understonds thyngs, no drawin mesturs, iv yo plez. Aw stopt omung theese pikters whol aw wor welley gaumles, un so aw koome eawt un laft um. Od gan o shillin fur to goo in, un onuther shillin fur o buke, us towd o obeawt thyngs us ther wor fur to luke at; od tryed fur to doo beawt buke, but aw cuddent, un us aw wor gooin eawt aw towd th' felley us wor uth dur us od ad it on, us od let im av it bak fur sixpunse, just have proise, un it wer'nt o hauptorth wor, but, bith mon, e woddent gie tuppenze for't, fur o us aw hadent ad it oboone too heawers, un it wor us whoite us o clen wesh'd shurt. Aw nevr seed sich o kuntry fur gettin shut o brass e maw loife.

Fro there aw went deawn Saint Martin's-lone, hinto Brode-strete, aw thynk they koed it, un fro there to th' Brytish Mooseum. Eh! wat o plaze that is. Ther's o rooke o pillurs ofore th' dur, o in o ro, us thik, to maw thynkin, us o steym pon. Eh! wat o soize, to be shure. Us aw wor gooin o chap kept botherin me fur to buy o buke on im us towd wat ther wor in, un aw cuddent get shut on im, but ut last uv o aw sed, e theaw dus'nt let me o be we thee bukes, ol ko o poleese to thee, un, bith mon, iv e dident sa us e'd fot won hissels iv aw loikt, sausey powse us e wor. Aw sed iv aw mun buy bukes obeawt evuri plaze us aw goo too, aw shol av o waggin lod ofore aw get whome ogen, un we that aw laft im tryin fur to sel won to onuther chap. Yo con arldy goo fur to see o pigcote e Lundun but sum nowmun wants fur to sel yo o buke fur to tel wat mak o pigs ther is in. Om hoff we sich loike wark. But neaw fur th' Mooseum. Aw went streight op th' steps un koome hinto th' lobbi. Eh! wat o soize it wor, welley big enuf fur to howd o publik meetin in. Aw wor towd us it wor sixte-too foote lung, fifte-won foote woide, un thurte foote fro th' top tuth botham. Whoo'd o thaut it? Best ov o wor, us aw geet in fur naut, fur nevr noboddi ax'd me fur o haupenny. Aw kept gooin furst hinto won reawm un then hinto onuther, un evuri thyng us aw seed wor us clen us o hallida shurt, aw cud o hetting me dinnur hoff th' floore welley. Aw seed o deyle o quare thyngs fro Agypt, sum on um, aw dare sa, wor there wen Mosus un Arun wer'nt e, fur to want th' childer o Isrel fur to ma breeke, beawt avin gradely stuf fur to ma um we, nowmun us e wor? O mon cuddent ma porrich beawt meyle, cud e? Un heaw cud they ma breeke us e wantud um, foo us e wor? Eh! but e katcht it wen e geet hinto th' Red Sa. E shud o dun us e'd loike fur to be dun too; e geet warnin enuf, dident e, wen o those playgs wor sent? Aw seed o lott o mummis fro th' same plaze. Eh! wat quare thyngs they wer'n, aw nevr seed naut loike um ofore, nevr, naw nevr. It's no mak o use me hausin fur to tel wat they'rn loike, yo'l

be loike fur to goo un see fur yorsels. Aw seed wat they koed o wing'd Bul, braut fro Ninneyva, theere weere Jona wonst wor runnin oway fro, toime us e wor thrut hinto th' sa, un wor swollud we o greyt wale. Jona mut o felt veri quare wen e wor e that fishus balley thre days un thre neets, un naut fur to heyte o that toime—plenty to sup, aw dare sa; but iv e'd nobbut dun us e wor towd be his Maker, e'd o nevur getten hinto sich o quare plaze us that. But o's wele us ends wele. Iv o mon dus us e shuddent do, e's us shure to katch it, sum rode, us sartin us om beawn fur to sel o greyt lott o maw bukes. Thoose Buls us aw wor tellin yo obeawt, wor made o stoane, un luke't quare, veri; sich Buls us aw nevur seed naut loike ofore. Aw nevur yerd o Buls flyin ony wheere, did yo? Heawsumevur, aw gues it wor o noshun us Ninneyva foke geet hinto ther yeds, saime toime it wor o quare un, wer'nt it? Aw seed o deyle moore marbul stoanes fro th' saime spot, we o maks o quare figgers on, un om towd us ther's o mon e Lundun wat's larnin thoose figgers, us they koen ieroglifiks, un they sen wen e's dun, us e'l av o greyt deyle o hinformashun bakkin Skripter, un it's comin to that neaw, as o mon winnut be thaut reet in his yed us ses aut ogen th' Skripter—heaw con e be? Ov yerd Soshulists mony o toime tryin fur to poo th' Skripter e peesus, un wat's becomn on um neaw? Waw, they'n pood won onuther e peesus, un ther welley clen gwon eawt neaw, us sich loike mak o foke olis han dun. Aw woddent tryst o mon o haupenny candul, us ses aut ogen th' Bibul, fur e's us shure to kom to naut us eggs is eggs. Eh! heaw om gettin fro me Buls un thyngs us aw wor tellin oer. Wel, us aw wor gooin hinto won uth reawms, whoo shud aw see but Sam o Jack's fro Owdum. E wor us gloppent ut seein me us aw wor ut seein im. Sam's o reglur Owdum rufyed, fur they koen Owdum foke rufyeds oppo sum keawnt, aw dunnut eggsaktly kno wat for, but ony boddi e Rachde knone us it is so. Aw shuddent loike fur to sa naut ogen Owdum foke, saime toime aw connut get it eawt o me yed us ther welley o moile behinnd foke ony wheere elze; heawsumevur, ther gradely gud Raddikils e they dun ware greyt fustiun swingurs un thik clogs. Owd Billy Cobbit wons wor ith Parleyment fur Owdum; th' owd lad's deyed neaw. Aw went th' next hinto o reawm ful o bukes, un then hinto onuther saime loike. Eh! wat bukes aw did see, mony o moile on um, om shure; un aw seed sum chaps reedin, un aw met o dun iv od ad o moind, un o fur naut. Aw went op th' stares un seed stuff elefunts, un munkis, un o maks o thyngs us ony mon cud thynk on. Eh! wat lots o quare kratures un thyngs aw did but see, un aw rambult obeawt whol aw wor welley knokt op, un so aw koome eawt, un o cheppur bit o seet seein aw nevur ad e maw loive, un aw met o stopt o day un nevur bin ax'd fur o haupenny.

Aw wor so taen op we wat aw seed ith Mooseum whol od furgetten me dinnur toime, un aw cud welley us sune furget aut us that, but wen aw geet eawt un koome to mesel, aw felt us flat

us o ponkake, un us hemty us o pare o ballis. Aw wantud summut so ill, whol aw went op to o poleese un aw sed, "Iv yo plez, con yo tel me wheere aw con get summut fur to heyte?" "O yes," e sed, "plenti fur payin fur." "Waw," aw sed, "Rachde foke ur noane sich foos us to geet it hinto ther yeds us they con kom heere un heyte fur naut." E show'd me too o veri noice plaze, un aw geet us mich meyte un pottyus us aw cud heyte fur ninepunze, un aw gan it sum bant, ol warrunt yo. Eh! aw wor gradely made oer ogen we me dinnur.

Wat o greyt deyle o thyngs ther is to be sin e Lundun, fur shure; to maw thynkin, o mon met stop o twelmun un be seet seein evuri day, un nevur see o us ther is fur to see, aftur o. Saimo toime, aw wodent liv ther olis, fur ther's sich o din we foke un thyngs, o won mak or onuther, whol it ud welley crak maw yed. Aw wor e mony o strete weere ther wor sich o din whol aw cud ardly yer mesel wistul ony uth rode, fro won end tuth tuther. Un then aw seed lots o foke mayin ther din, us ad stuf fur to sel, koin eawt o maks o quare noysus, us aw troy'd ogen un ogen fur to may eawt, but it wor o no use; so aw gan oer hausin. Fur o us Lundun's sich o greyt plaze, o mon's wife con get welley aut us hoo wants, beawt gooin fro hur oan dur stoane, obut nu milk, un hoo con ardly get that ut ony proise. Aw seed mony o waggin lod o roobarb, us big us beesom steyls, un biggur, un kabbigus; eh! wat big uns, fur shure, foote bo's ur naut too um. But iv aw start o roitin obeawt kabbigus, un turmits, un collyfleawers, un diferunt maks o green stuf us aw seed, o's be mayin o buke welley us big us o Bibul, un so ol drop it. Eh! wat greyt karts un orsus they hadden, fur shure; they beytten us e Rachde o to peesus, but wat aw seed next ol tel yo in onuther chaptur, bekose

Thurd Chaptur stops heere.





Chaptur Ffour.

Obeawt gooin tuth Parleyment Heawse, un gettin in we axin Mestur Cobdin.—Wat quare chaps un thyngs aw seed wen aw geet in.—The Gentelmun Usher o the Blak Rod waukin bak uth rode on, wat o foo!—Thre Members fast oslepe.—Ordert eawt o me shet twice oer, freetent furst time.—Onuther doo we sum cab chaps.

Od olis ad o greyt noshun fur to get hinto th' Parleyment Heawse just fur to watch ther gooins on o bit, un us od yerd mony o won say us o mon met goo welley ony wheere e Lundun iv e'd nobbut be bowd enuf, aw ax'd o poleese fur to show me th' rode, un then aw spirr'd ov onuther, un ofore lung aw koome fare to th' dur uth th' Heawse o Kômmons. Aw stoode o lung whoile theere watchin lots o foke ov o maks goo in, un aw cud arldy tel wat to doo we mesel, fur aw wor feyrd us aw met get taen op iv aw shud leet fur to goo wheere aw shuddent do. Heawsumevur, ut last ov o, aw plukt op, un went streyt op sum stares, til aw koome to o dur us th' Memburs went in at, un o chap wor sittin theere, fur to see us noboddi went in but thoose us shud do. Aw yerd sum on um taukin wen th' dur hoppent, un aw did so want fur to get wheere aw cud bwoth see un yer um, fur aw noed us aw met nevur ar onuther chans. Thyunks aw to mesel, aw kno Mestur Brite, un e noes me, un iv e coms eawt, ol ax im, bith mon. Just ut tis presunt toime, whoo shud com eawt but Mestur Cobdin. Aw noed im in o minnit. E wor gooin eawt, un aw wor so feyrd o missin im, whol aw koed eawt, Mestur Cobdin, iv yo plez; un e turnt reawnd in o crak. Aw dofft me hat us sharp us leetenin, un made o bow too im, un aw sed, om komn fro Rachde, iv yo plez, un ol be obleeght to yo iv yo con tel me e Mestur Jon Brite's ith Parleyment Heawse? E sed, no, my gud man, e's not in just now. Aw sed, om sury fur that, fur aw wantud fur to get in fur to yer um tauk; met aw be so bowd us to ax yo, if yo plez, fur to get me in, aw wor olis ogen th' Corn Laus. We that e taukt to me we us mich gud natur us iv e'd bin me oan faythur, un towd me fur to ston wheere aw wor un e'd com to me ogen. E sune koome ogen un gan me o tiket, un went we me op sum stares, un show'd me

O RACHDE FELLEY'S OKEAWNT O WAT E SEED E LUNDUN.

where to goo, un we that aw geet hinto sum shets where aw cud see o us wor gooin on. Aw towd Mestur Cobdin us aw wor verimich obleeght to im, un aw wor too, un aw shol olis thynk wele on im us lung us aw liv. Un new fur wat aw seed ith Parleyment Heawse.

Th' Speykur wor th' furst mon us aw seed, fur maw shet wor fare oeront im, e'd o greyt wig on, un wor keawert in o greyt cheer. Eh! heaw fause e did luke, un evry neaw un then e kept koin eawt, "Ordur, gentulmen, ordur at the bar," un sum ov o noyse ther wor, aw cud ardy yer im us wor speykin, aw cuddent fur shure. Thynks aw to mesel, its quare us Memburs o Parleyment shud need koin eawt too e that rode, saime loike us lads in o skoo dun, but aw cud beleeve me oan een, un it wor so, bith mon. O on um wor keawert deawn e ther shets we ther hats on, but they dis uncovurt ther yeds wen they geet op fur to speyke. Aw seed Lord Jon Russil. Eh! wat o littul chap e is, un wat o thin faze e has, e met be short o meyte, ur ha to mich wark, ur summut. E wor sittin we is legs crosst, un we is hat haue uth rode oer is faze, un luk't us ill us o haupurth o sope aftur o ard day's weshin. Aw nevr seed th' loike, fur ardy ony on um seem'd fur to tay any notis uv im us wor speykin, un ther wor sich o din, whol aw gan oer hausin fur to yer wat e sed, us wor speykin. Aw gues they noed us they cud see it ith news.

Ut tis presunt toime aw seed Jon Brite com in, aw noed im in a minnit, un od ard wark fur to kepe mesel fro sheawtin eawt, un axin im heaw e wor, fur aw wor sartin shure us e'd o spokken to me iv e'd o sin me eawt uth dur. E went furst to won member, un then too onuther, taukin too um, un aw cud see us e hare'd fur noane on um, bith mon. Jon's the chap fur dressin th' nots hoff um, isent e? Eh! heaw e has pitch't it hinto um ut toime un toime, e has gan um sum bant, hasent e?

Ther's o galury o bwoth soides uth heawse, us th' Memburs con goo op hinto, un us aw wor lukin at it, wat dun yo thynk us aw seed? Bith mon, yo cud'ent foind it eawt fur th' loife on yo. Eh! wat o seet! Ol be buttert e ther wern't thre Memburs o Parleyment o oslepe oppo th' forms, won osoide ov onuther. Rachde fike wodent ston that mak o wark, un aw dunnut thynk us ony boddi evur seed Sharmun e that rode, fur o us e's o deyle owder felley nur thoose thre chaps wor.

Whol aw wor lukin ut thoose sleepin chaps, o uth suddin, th' fike us wor sittin reawnd obeawt where aw wor, startud o runnin eawt, un thynks aw to mesel, bith mon, ther's summut fur to doo, o foire, ur elze th' galury's foin, ur summut, so aw nipt op me hat un cut hoff e sich o splutter, whol od welley loik't fur to fape oer sum chaps we cuttin so fast deawn sum stares us we ad fur to goo deawn, aw wor so freetent. Won chap doubelt his

neyve at me fur thrutchin so, but wat cud aw doo? it wor evuri mon fur hissel, un aw dident want fur to be oathur brunt to deyth ur kilt so fur fro whome. O ut wonst we koome too o ston, oppo o londin plaze, un aw sed, watevur iz ther to doo? un o gentulmun sed, The house is dividin, Sur. Bith mon, aw sed, connut we get fur hoff, we's o be kilt, fur ith heawse us splittin, it met fo this rode on, connut we get eawt o this ole? O, e sed, u misunderstand me, Sir, the Memburs r dividin, goin to vote. O, aw sed, is that o? Eh! wat o lodd wor taen hoff me just then, un aw koome to me gradely sel in o minnit, saime toime aw swat us il us iv od ad o poleese runnin aftur me. Waw, aw sed to that gentulmun, heaw leets yo fur to o on yo com runnin eawt e this rode, freetenin foke us dunnut understond thyngs? O, e sed, the peepul r alwis order'd out wen the Memburs vote. Waw, aw sed, its gaumles soart o wark, to maw thynkin, fur aw con see it ith news to-morn heaw evuri mon jak on um's voatud, obut thoose thre chaps us wor oslepe. Just ut that toime o dur oppent, un we o wenten op stares ogen, un th' Memburs wor o e ther shets ogen, un thoose thre chaps us wor oslepe wor wakkent un hoff sumwere. Whol aw wor lukin ut th' Speykur, o gentulmun koome op too im, us wor donn'd e blak clewus un silk stokins on, un bukles uv is shune. E gan summut to th' Speykur, un us e wor gooin fro im, e went bak uth rode on, un made sich o bow too im, whol is nose welley tutch'd th' floor, om shure, un then e went bak uth rode on o bit fur, un dubelt hissel op ogen th' saime rode us e did ofore, un then e went eawt uth sect, un aw cuddent see no moore ov is marluks. Aw sed too o gentulmun us wor sittin osoide o me, it yo plez, wat dus o that meyne, un who's that felley us may's sich o foo ov hissel? Is e reet in his yed, dun yo thynk? O, e sed, e's the Gentulmun Usher o the Blak Rod. Un o bonny tyke e is aw sed, dus e olis goo on e that rode? Why, genuraly, e sed, wen e's any bisness with Mistur Speykur. Wel, aw sed, e Rachde foke seed im, they'd thynk us e'd o skrew lose sumwere, om shure, un, bith mon, aw shud nevur com to sich o skoo us this fur to larn mannurs. Heawsumevur, aw gues e ushers plenti o brass hino is pokit, un sum foke win may ony mak o foos o thersels, e they con nobbut get pade for't.

Aw seed Fergus o Konner, e stons fur Nottingham. Aw shud thynk us Nottingham foke un ad ther bally ful o that chap ofore neaw. Aw ko im o greyt gausterin nowmun. Eh! heaw e has didelt foke we is lond skeyme. Whoo'd o thaut us Tom Livers wud o put in fur sum o Fergus lond, aw thaut Tom ud ad moore whoite in is een nur that koms too, fur om towd us e's o share-howder. O bonny faythur Fergus us bin too is deer childer un e us't fur to ko um, saime toime e noed us e wor umbuggin us Foke shud o taen warnin; dident Manchesstur Eggsaminhur say us mich ogen it us evur o mon cud sa, wen e seed us poore foke wor beawn fur to be dun. Iv aw hadent ad sens fur to tay kare o me oan brass, aw shud nevur o gotten fur to see the Greyt Eggsamin-

bishun. Foke shud o taen warnin, they shud fur shure. Aw tow'd mony o won on um, mesel, heaw it ud be, un sum on um wor welley reddy fur to feight me, un uther sum koed me o foo as wor stonnin e me oan leet. Aw wondur whoo's th' foo neaw? Snigs End fur evur, lads! Let thoose laff us wins.

But om furettin where aw wor ith Heawse o Kommons. O! Besoide Fergus, aw seed Mestur Jo Hume; theer's o chap for yo, e's wurth o kart lodd o sich nooduls us Fergus. Aw ko im o gradely owd gud'en. E's olis bin ogen um mayin oway we so rich brass, un iv it haddent bin fur im, un tuthre moore sich loike, fur aut us aw kno, th' kuntry ud o bin ruint, lung sin. E begins fur to luke raythur owd, saime toime, e's o gud deyle o pluk laft in im, has th' owd felley. Aw seed th' Memburs mony o toime get op un goo underneyth where aw wor, un aw wondert iv it wor fur to get summut fur to sup, fur aw yerd th' Speykur ko eawt moore nur wons, "Ordur ut the Bar," us e foke't that rode on.

Aw seed Mestur D-isreely us gws in fur Bakingumshur. E's raythur o yungish lukin chap, we blak ure oppo his yed, o bit early—o thin felley we o whoite faze, leet culurt breechus on, un o blak quot, un, to maw thynkin, e luke't loike o faut-fandin chap, just mete saime us om tow'd e is. Aw gess e's rekoned o clever part ov o chap, but aw may naut on im, nur no mon elze us isent ith reet soide. Iv e'd goo tuth skoo o bit to Cobdin un Brite, e met be o sum mak o use sum toime. Whol aw wor lukin ut im, aw yerd sumboddi ko eawt, "Strangurs withdrau," un, bith mon, we haddent fur to lev us shets ogen. Aw noed neaw wat it wor for, un aw wor noane freetent, saime toime, to maw thynkin, it wor mayin foos o foke, to nock um obeawt e that rode, un o fur ment.

Aw wor ill tyert, un aw thaut us aw cuddent be letten o bee e me shet, od goo whome, fur it wor welley time fur to goo to bed, so aw went streight eawt hinto th' strete o purpus fur to goo whome ogen. Us aw wor gooin eawt aw ax'd o gentelmun wat toime it wor, un e sed, "It's elevun o klok, my man." Aw sed, it never is, fur shure. Eh! heaw gloppent aw wor wen aw fund as aw wor so fur fro Simun Pike's ut that toime uth neet; thynks aw to mesel, aw's be loike fur to av o roide fur wonst. Us sune as aw geet hinto th' strete aw seed o rooke o cabs, un won on um as droives ax'd me iv od av won, un so aw sed, "Wat ul theaw may me pay fur to goo to Gumshun-strete?" E sed, "Thre shillin, Sir." Aw sed, "Theaw'l be fause to get thre shillin eawt me, owd mon, fur aw worch fur maw brass." Waw, aw sed, aw cud roide to Wakefil oppo th' ralerode fur hauve o creawn, un that's oboone too hundurth moile, mon; heaw con theaw fur saime o thee faze? We that, o rooke o theese cab chaps koome op to me un startud o ther jaw. Won on um koed eawt, "I say,

old feller, I aint goink to charge u nothink, me harti." Onuther on um sed us e'd let me roide e too ov his cabs, un pay fur o pint o hauve un hauve, un o deyle o moore rumgumshus stuf they koome eawt we, un o th' toime aw stooode theere us solid us o keaw's husbun, un wen they'd gan oer o ther jaw, aw sed, let thoose laff us wins, owd lads, aw getten me brass un yo'ne getten yor cabs, gud neet to yo o, un tel yer muthers fur to send yo sumwere fur to larn mannurs. Aw sed, e yo wenten on e that rode e Rachde, yo'd get braut ofore th' Justisus, un oathur William Chedik ur elze Clemunt ud warm yor jakets for yo. Eh! heaw they did laff wen od dun, o on um ut wonse, loike o lott o jakasus, un aw laft um, fur o mon met welley us wele try fur to put th' eggshibishun hinto his singlit pokit us auter th' moind uv o Lundun cab chap. For o us it wor so lat, aw did se sum stok o cabs rattlin obeawt us aw went whome, but we spirrin furst o won chap un then ov onuther aw geet saife to Gumshun-strete betwene twel un won o klok ut neet; sum lat, wern't it?

Mestur Pike wor waytin on me, fur e noed us aw shud be lat, un so e'd sent tuther foke to bed, un wen od getten sum chees un brade, we smoukt us pipes whol od tow'd im o us aw seed un yerd. E sed, aw wor o reet un fur to goo fro whome, for o mon mut ar o deyle o whoite in his een fur to chet me. Wen aw geet oslepe, bith mon, iv aw dident start o dremin us aw wor o Parleyment mon, un aw thaut us aw wor dressin th' nots hoff um oboone o bit, obeawt turnin foke eawt o ther shets us koome o seein wat wor gooin on, un obeawt sum on um foin oslepe osted o moindin ther Parleymentin. Just ofore aw wakkent aw wor tellin um us Rachde foke wantud animul parleyments un vote be ballut un sich loike, un us th' owd wimmen ud nevr be quite whol they geet cheppur tay, un as fur church rates we'd dun oway we thame ursels, un so th' Parleyment met doo us they loikt fur aut us we car'd. Wen aw koome to that, aw thaut us ther wor sich sheawtin eawt "Heer, heer," whol aw wakkent, un, bith mon, aw wor o deyle fainer fur to foind mesel e bed nur aw shud o bin to foind mesel o Parleyment mon, un so neaw

Ol finish Fourt Chaptur.





Chaptur Fift.

O Lettur to maw Swetehart.—Seed sum Rachde foke oppo th' rode tuth Eggshibishun.—Wat aw seed ith Krystil Palus.—Secin wat they koen o Blumer.—Seed won chap us big us too.—O bit o tauk we o Yorshurmun us went to th' Eggshibishun 'beawt his Muthur, un obeawt lotts o thyngs besaide.

This mornin aw geet reddy fur to goo to th' Eggshibishun ogen, bekose to-morn it wor th' qualluty day un hauve o creawn to goo in, moore raythur nur aw loikt fur to pay, pertikler wen aw cud get in fur o shillin. Ofore aw seet hoff aw unbethaut me us od lettur roite o lettur to Jinny, ur elze hoo met thynk us od furgetten hur, ur wor lost, ur summut, un so aw baut sum pappur un sich loike un rote hur this lettur:—

Gumshun-strete,
Lundun,
Owd Englun.

Maw dere Jinny,

Theese fu loines comes hoppin, to foind thee wele un harty, as they levven me ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Aw dar sa us theaw'l ha wondert mony o toime wat's comn o me sin aw laft whome fur Lundun.

Aw geet saife un seawnd heere, un om wele plest we comin to Mestur Simun Pike's, fur aw cuddent be moore cumfurtublur o whome, obut iv thee un me wer'n wed, un livvin togethur, us aw gess we shan be ofore lung. Aw sin un yerd so mich sin aw koome heere, whol it's no mak o use hausin fur to incens thee hinto it e maw lettur. Bles thee loife, iv aw wor fur to roite uv o fore soides o me pappur, un cros it besaide, aw cuddent tel thee hauve ont, but aw studdi mony o toime heaw plest aw shol be fur to tel thee obeawt it wen aw get whome ogen, un moore pertikler wen we getten sattelt in o heawse be ussels, un it ul noane be maw faut iv it's lung ofore. Aw wor ith Parleyment Heawse last neet, aw wor, fur shure, un aw bin ith Greyt Eggshibishun, un sin o maks o thyngs us evur theaw con thynk on, us aw shol tel thee obeawt sum toime. Aw sin o maks o foriners, un th' greyt dymun, un th' krystil fountun, un sum foke us aw noed fro Rachde. Theaw mun let me muthur luke ut this lettur, un tel hur us aw thynk obeawt hur mony o toime. Tel Jim us aw wlsh e wor heere, un Ned too, fur aw shol larn summut fur to studdi obeawt us lung us aw liv, aw wodent o mist o no keawnt, naw, not iv od ad to clem for it. It leets o chap heere fur to tak kare ov

hissel, fur iv e dulent e's shure fur to be chetted ov o ends un soides. Od loike fur to bin taen in moore nur wonst, but aw leet um see us Rachde foke ur noane to be dun. Aw shol be sumplest wen aw see thee ogen, un so no moore ut presunt fro thaw oan deere

Bob.

Tay notis.—Aw shud o loikt veri wele fur to av o lettur fro thee, but aw kno us theaw's o bit ov o flaw e thee edikashun, we nevur larnin to reed.

Wen od sent me lettur hoff, aw went thru Trafalgar Square, un luke't ut th' fountuns ogen, un us aw wor gooin op o strete aw seed o plaze koed Italiun Opero Heawse, o bigish soart ov o plaze raythur, un aw wor towd us ther wor doancin un singin theree welley evuri neet, un us noane on it wor dun ith English langwidge. Aw seed ut o dur o pappur us sed tikits sowd heere, un thynks aw to mesel, ol goo to neet wen aw com fro th' Greyt Eggshibishun, fur aw wantud fur to see o us wor gooin on e Lundun, un od oboone have o me brass laft. So aw went in un ax'd o mon wat th' tikits wor opese. E sed, "O ginney, un have o ginney, Sir." Aw sed, "Yo nevur sen so." E sed, "That's the prise." "Wat," aw sed, "fur nobbut won neet, un no English spokken nothur?" Bith mon, aw sed, foke may wele breyke e they may'ne ther brass oway e that rode, un ol tel yo won thyng aw sed, us it ul doo noane fur Rachde foke, yo may depend. Yo munnut be pottert, aw sed, we me taukin e this rode, fur aw olis speyke us aw thynk. O, e sed, it's all rite; un e did naut but laff us aw bid im gud day. Fro theree aw geet hinto Pikkedilly ogen, un it wor us thrung us evur. Eh! wat carrigus, un homnibus's, un foke, for shure!

Us aw wor gooin on, who shud aw see but Mestur Richard Cleg, okshunere, fro Rachde. E'd his wite hankicher on, us clen us o penny. Aw sin his offisus e Baley-strete Aw seed im, too, toime us Clemunt Royds ad his i-sherif prosesun, we o rosette us big us o poncake welley—raythur iv oathur o greyt mon. Saime toime, ther's mony o wor chap. Aw connut just tel whoo e wed, but aw noed his faythur o lung whoile sin. O bit fur on aw koome too o greyt yollo bildin oeronent Hide Park, koed Sent Georgus Ospital, fur foke us has ther legs brokken un sich loike. They peesen un ogen theree, un gies foke fisik fur o maks o cumplaynts un alements, obut thoose us ur rung e ther yeds, un thoose gwos to onuther spot sumwere. It wor put op uth bildin "suportud we voluntari kontribushun." Aw gues that meyns us they'ne naut loike church rates fur to kepe it gooin. Fro theree aw cud see Bukungum Palus, wheree th' Quene livs. It luke't o greyt plaze, veri, un aw seed o bannur flyin oppo th' top us they sen is olis theree wen th' Quene's o whome, un wen hoo gwos fro whome (us hoo did wen hoo koome to Manchesstur) they taen it deawn, but yo'l reed obeawt it fur on, aw dar sa.

Fro there aw koome to wat they koen "Nite's-brige," un whoo shud aw see ocros th' rode but Mestur Edwurd Taylur, drugist, un Mestur Jon Ashurth, payntur, us geet th' proize us wor gan we Box Breawn, fur o hessay ogen slaveri. It wor o grand Bibul, ur summut o that mak, aw bin tow'd. Ol just 'mortulize Jon we puttin that e maw buke, fur om us mich ogen slaveri us ony mon livvin—ah, us mich us Box Breawn hissel is. Aw seed it ith news us Mestur Taylur un Mestur Ashurth wor komn to Lundun oppo th' Savin Bank consarn, fur to see ith Parleyment ud let th' poor foke ha ther brass us they geet chettud eawt on. Eh! wat o consarn that wor, fur shure! Nobbut thynk o George roidin obeawt in his carrige, un o we poor fokes's brass too; bith mon, e wur wor nur Fergus we his lond skeyme. To maw thynkin they'l get th' brass fro th' Parleyment fur thoose wat's bin chettud we th' Savins' Bank, e they'l nobbut lay op too um. They'n gettun too reet uns fur to doo it, fur Mestur Taylur ul giv um o dose ofore e's dun we um, un Mestur Ashurth ul stik too um loike paynt; let's see, e wed Josif Wud dauter; eh! we'n ad sum stok o meyle un fleawr fro his shop. Mestur Taylur is noane wed, but ov yerd us e's beawn fur to be. It's us th' womun sed, "It's wat we mun o kom too, suner ur laytur." Ther bwoth on um Methodis, un gwon tuth Sosiashun Chappil, aw bin tow'd. Ther raythur o Raddikil set us gwos there; aw dunnut thynk us ther's o Tori ith whol lott. Aw rekillekt wen th' lekshuns wor on, us ther wor sum stok on um votud fur Mestur Fentun un Sharmun, un they geet koed th' red Methodis.

Eh! wat o consarn that wor obeawt Box Breawn chettin eawt o slaveri fro his mestur, in o littul box us e cud arldy be crom'd hinto, un heaw quare e mut o felt hissel wen th' box wur th' rung soide op; e met o deede, metent e? But o's wele us ends wele. Aw wodent giv o batten fur ony mon us stons op fur byin un sellin foke just bekose they leetun fur to av blak fazus. Aw gess o chimbley swepur met be sowd, oppo that footin, but let ony mon hause fur to sel won ov his felley craturs e Englun, un moore pertikler e Rachde, un, bith mon, foke ud welley poo im e peesus. 'Merika foke ul av to giv in to that too, ofore lung, ur elze om chettud. Om tow'd us preychurs un o there, byes un sels blak foke. Iv aw liv'd e Merika un noed us maw preychur did so, od nevr giv im o haupenny ut o kollekshun, naw, not iv e sent th' box reawnd evuri Sunda, aw woddent. Heaw con that be dooin us they'd be dun by?—heaw con o chap o that mak fur shaime uv his faze goo hinto o pilpit? Aw cuddent, om shure. Un they koen Merika th' lond o liberte too. Liberte fur o mon to be sowd un takken oway fro his woife un childer. Let um doo it we me, iv od o blak faze (un it's noan so wite sumtimes), un od just tay th' liberte o breykin ther yeds, appen not quite, but welley. It's o brunnin shaime us they'n 'leaw sich gooins on. They'n bin tryin latly fur to catch thoose ogen wat's run hoff fro slaveri, un they'n catch't it thesels, sum on um has dun. Won chap geet kilt, so

e's dun, aw gess, we fottin foke to be slaves ogen. Ol giv oer heytin 'Merika chees, bith mon, e they dunnut let foke be fre us they shudden be. Yo sin om gettin raythur wott oppo this slaveri questin. Aw connut elp it, heaw con aw? Aw no payshuns we um un ther kaps o liberte; ther naut but o parsel o feffnecutes, powsedurts us they r. Tauk on it bein o fre kuntre, wen o mon us hassent o leet culurt faze, connut ko his yed his oan. But om gettin mad at um, ol giv oer. Dunnut yo thynk us Box Breawn shud send me o proize, o buke, ur o pese o plaite, ur summut, fur ritin e this rode. Eh! heaw mad they'n be iv ony o maw bukes gets too Omerika. But om furgettin th' Eggshibishun ogen. Let's see! O, aw laft hoff wen od getten too o plaze koed Nite's-brige, un seed wat they koen th' Chinees Eggshibishun. Oppo th' frunt on't they'n o deyle o payntin obeawt th' Quene un o rook moore greyt foke us ud bin to see it, un th' shap o sum Chiney foke we pigtales on. Aw ax'd o mon us wor stonnin uth dur, wat mak o foke e ad in, un e made onsur un sed, o Ladi fro Chiney, we fete nobbut obeawt fore inchus lung, un o deyle moore thyngs besoiide, e sed. Waw, aw sed, wor hoo born so? Yes, e sed, ther all born we smaual fete e Chiney. Aw sed wat o foo aw am fur axin that, wer o born we smo fete, ar'nt us, e Englun, us wele us Chiney; but aw sed, heaw did hoo kepe um smo? O, e sed, we usin iren shune. Bith mon, aw sed, hoo mun ha lotts o korns then, fur e won o maw shune nobbut fits o bit tyte, om us shure to av o korn, us eggs is eggs. Wel, ses aw, aw shud be o biggur foo nur hur, fur to pay o shillin fur to luke ut sich o cratur, it ud be us ill us payin o shillin fur to see o mon nock his yed ogen o wo, ur doo hissel damige sum rode elze. Aw sed, aw gess yo'ne o buke to sel? O yes, e sed, sixpunze each. Ah, aw sed, aw thaut yo ad, yo con do naut e Lundun beawt o sixpuny buke. Yo're o olike, it's brass us yo wanten. But aw sed aw mun be gooin, fur om fur th' greyt Eggs-hibishun, un aw con see o vast deyle moore fur me brass threer, nur aw con we yo, but yo mun nevr hede me, aw sed, fur om fro Rachde, un we're raythur onist spokken foke. O, e sed, it's all rite, me man, un aw laft im.

Fro theere aw soune koome to th' Krystil Palus ogen, we thrutchin me rode omung foke un carrigus us thrung us evur. Eh! wat lotts ther wor to be shure. Aw gan me shillin, un in aw went ogen, streyt tuth krystil fountun. Furst chap us aw seed wor Jim Yep, fro Bakup. E gwas eawt we leechus. Jim's o reet un fur gooin fro whome. Aw seed im nockin oway us iv e kared fur noboddi; Jim wodent be feyrd iv e seed th' Quene. noane im. Thynks aw to mesel, e Jim cud o braut Bakup teawn we im, it wod o getten th' furst praise fur durt un slutch, fur aw nevr set maw foote e sich o durty ole e maw loife. E Jim ud nobbut knone me, od o towd im fur to tay sum beesums bak we im to Bakup, fur iv od ony childer un liv'd theere, aw shud be feyrd o sum on um bein laust ith slutch. Sum toime sin, o lott on um us livs theere, us wor gettin tyert uth slutch un durt, sent

word tuth yed quarturs e Lundun, us they wantud um fur to let Backup foke av o nu lau is ther is, fur to elen um op o bit. It's koed, iv om reet, "Elth o Teawns' Bil." Un so oppo that footin, o chap koome deawn fur to yer wat they hadden fur to say fur thersels ut Backup. Sum on um wor o for it, un uther sum wor us mich ogen it, un they geet to foin eawt omung thersels obeawt it. Won chap gan witness us ther wor ardlly won little heawse fur o whol strete, fit fur o dasunt chap to put his yed in, un sum sed won thying, un sum sed onuther, whol th' chap fro Lundun cuddent tel wat to may o Backup foke, un so they'n laft um to feight it heawt omung thersels, un aw gess e they shud get moore worser tyert o livvin ith durt, un con ogree fur to send fur this nu lau, they con av it fur axin for, but aw bin towd us ther beawn fur to doo wat they wanten, thersels, beawt sendin fur ony boddi. But aw mun lev Jim un Backup foke too, un start o tellin yo wat aw seed ith greyt Eggshibishun.

Wen aw wor ith Palus ofore, aw wor mostly deawn uth reet hond soide, un newaw aw turnt to me lift, un geet hinto Inde. There aw seed o stuft elefant we o thying oppo it bak fur foke to roide in, welley loike o bed it wor, un luke't bwoth nise un quare, to maw thynkin. Wen th' Eggshibishun wor beawn fur to start, sum nowmun us yerd o this stuft elefant comin, gan it eawt us it wor stuft we gunpeawdur un us it wor to be foyert hoff un blo th' whol consarn op. It wor towd so fur to freeten foke, but it mist. Wat o foo fur to set that tale eawt; e disarv't sowin op ith elefant balley fur o weke un to be beawt meyte, raskil us e wor. Ther wor o deyle o grand thyngs ith saime plaze us th' elefant wor in, made o Ivory, th' shap o Inde foke e ther heawses, un th' shap on um dooin differunt maks o wark us Inde foke dun, un sum grand sanduls, un skins o lepurds, we spots on, un tigur un lyon skins un o. Besoide o theese, aw seed elefant tusks, un stuft brids; th' shap ov o Indoo Tempul, un us grand o bed us evur o mon doff'd his clewus fur to get hinto.

Wen aw wor lukin ut that lepurd skin un th' pratty spots ut wor on, aw unbethaut me obeawt o lad us wor ut skoo, un th' maistur ax'd im iv evur o lepurd chang'd it spots, un he sed, ah! Th' maistur wor sum gloppent ut his onsur, bekose he'd kalkilatud us th' lad ud o sed naw, un so e sed, heaw con that be? Waw th' lad sed, wen e's tyert o won spot e gwos too onuther. That wor o poser for im, wer'nt it?

Th' next plaze us aw geet hinto wor Kanady, un theere aw seed o bote un o foire ingin, un th' shap uv o brige; o sled fur to goo oer th' sno in, un peesus o copur, un silvur, un gowd. Shune fur to wauk ith' sno in, trunks fur to put clewus in, un wax kanduls, biskits, un sich loike. Australey aw koome too next, un theere aw seed a deyle o farmin stuf, sum wull, un o deyle o maks o thyngs fur to let us see what they con grew there. Oppo th'

wole ther wor o deyle o nise pikters o diferunt spots us ther is theree, un to maw thynkin it mun be o nise kuntry, saime toime, owd Englun for me. Eh! ther is sum stok o Rachde foke theree, un sum wele they'n dun, o deyle un um has. It ses ith news us they'n fund gowd theree, saime loike us ut Kaleforny, un foke ur runnin fro o quarturs to scrat for it, fur they sen it's fund omong th' durt, un, to maw thynkin, e this kuntry o deyle on us han to get us gowd omung th' durt. Australey foke ur welley blak, not quite, obeawt th' culur ov o steym pon wot's ill brunt, un they sen us they heyten snales un grubs un aut us they con pik op. Eh! wat cratur they mun be, fur shure. They'n heyte kangaroos e they con nobbut get um. O kangaroo's obeawt th' soize ov om to cat, un ith' frunt on um they'n o bag e ther skin, raythur biggur nur maw bacca peawch, un wen ther yung uns ur freetent, aw bin towd us they jumpen hinto this bag un th' muthur cuts hoff we um; isent it veri quare?

Aw dar sa sum on yo noed Mestur Henry Cheetum us wons wor o preychur oboon Littlebruf, ut Summit, aw thynk they koed it; e's gwon to Australey o preychin too um, un thoose us noes, sen us e's dooin veri wele, un preychin loike o gud un. E raythur mist his rode e this kuntry, un preych'd hissel hoff uth soide o sum keawnt. E's gwon sumwere obeawt th' gowd mines, weere so mony foke ur gwon too; aw shud thynk us e'l give neaw un then o sarmon fro "the lov o money is the rute ov o evul." Fro Australey aw went hinto o skulpter reawm un seed th' shap o sum uth Quene's childer, un o deyle o nise figers besaide, un, to maw thynkin, sum on um ud o luke't no wor e they'd ad ther breechus on. Fro theree aw went deawn o veri lung plaze. Eh! wat o soize it wor, o ful o wat they koen Hagrikultrul Himpliments, o maks o thyngs fur farmurs un sum stok on um ther wor, un sum waggins un karts us od loike to furgetten. Sune aftur aw koome to Sheffil, un us ony boddi met hexpekt, it wor ful o fyles, un saws, un razurs, un nives, un pens, un buttuns, un spawns, un taypots, un sich loike. But th' wondur ov o, wor o greyt serkiler saw. Eh! wat o big un it wor. Aw ax'd o mon us wor theree, heaw big it wor, un e sed it wor six foote e dyametur. Aw sed, weereobeawts us that, aw nevur yerd o dyametur ofore, is it e Yorshur sumwere? O, e sed, it meens six fut ocross fro won side tuth tuther. O, aw sed, that's wat dyametur meyns, is it? O mon mun liv un larn, aw sed. Eh! wat o big saw that wor; iv it wor gooin reawnd we steym, it ud cut hoff th' yeds ov o whol regiment o sodiers e foivre minnits, om shure. Eh! aw welley went cowl wen aw wor lukein at it, un that koome hinto me yed.

Whol aw wor stonnin theree, aw seed foke lukein ut o Ladi, un aw sed too a chap us wor taukin we o felley, wat r o thoose fokes stayrin ut that wummun so for, has hoo dun summut? O, e sed, she's o Blumer. O Blumer, aw sed, wat's that? Wi that, e towd me us hoo wor won o sum moore Ladi's us wor beawn fur to

bring op nu fashunt clewus. E sed ther goin to ware breechus. Wel, aw sed, is that o? Plente o wimmin wayrn th' breechus weere aw kom fro e Rachde, but aw sed yo appen meyn won thyng un me onuther; heawsumevur, aw sed, ol av a luke fur mesel, un so hoff aw set fur to see this Blumer. Hoo wor o meterly noice lukin lass, we o lungish mak ov o quot on, o bit saime loike us wat they koen o sertoo, saime mak welley us hoffisurs wayrn, o bit oppen ith frunt, un lower deawn hoo'd summut loike breechus us wor teede reawnd close too hur anklif, un then o frill uth botham uv o, just oboone hur shune, un, to maw thynkin, hoo luke't veri pratty, un aw seed no kashun fur foke to stayre at ur e that rode, loike a lott o gonners stayrin ut o chap gooin oer o moor. Iv od bin won uth qualuty foke un wor wed to Jinny, us aw hexpekt fur to be, aw shudent kare o batten obeawt hur wayrin that mak o clewus, nobbut hoo shud goo no fur, bekose od olis tak care fur to wayre th' famuly breechus mesel, fur e yo'l nobbut tay notis, naut gwas reet, wen wimmin starten o hektorin un gausterin oer ther husbuns. Wimmin are reet enuf wen ther e ther reet plaze, un iv we hadent thame fur to luke aftur us clewus un thyngs we shud o be lost e muk un durt. Eh! wat poore craturs we shudden be for shure. Saime toime, aw dunnut howd we thoose chaps us gets drunken un gwas whome o 'bewsins ther woives o shaime to be sin. Wen o felley starts o fudlin, e welley olis starts o foindin faut we his woife, un hoo con doo naut reet iv hoo trys evur so. Iv aw wor o wummun, fur o us aw raythur loike o saupe o whome-brued mesel, od wed o teetotalur; bith mon, aw meyne ony wummun obut Jinny, yo noane.

Us sune us th' Blumer ud gwon aw seet me deawn on o form fur to rest mesel o bit, un o quoitish deawnkest lukein chap keawert him deawn osoide on me, un aw thaut od av o doo we im, ut o bit o tauk, fur wen o mon's fro whome e shud olis be aftur gettin fur to kno summut fresh fro evuri boddi us e con tauk we. Aw sed too im, wat dun yo thynk o this greyt Eggshibishun, owd chap; dunnut yo thynk us o moore grandur seet nevur wor sin oppo this yerth ofore. R yo o Lankishur chap, aw sed? Nooa, e sed, I cums fra Yorkshir. O, aw sed, then yo're wat they koen o Yorshur byte, r yo? Wat teawn dun yo kom fro? Wy, e sed, I cums fra neer Deawsburi. Aw seed us e wor o raythur sauftish mak uv o chap, un thynks aw to mesel, ol av a bit o jaw we im, un so aw sed, wer ta evur e Lundun ofore, owd mon? Eh! bles thee, barn, e sed, aw nivvur wor too moile fra whooam afore, nivvur. Wel, aw sed, dus thee muthur kno theaw'rt eawt? Eea fur sure e sed, shoo fand me brass fur to kum we, un teld me fur to be sure fur to tak kare o mesen. Wel, aw sed, un gud hadvise too, owd lad; but wat dus to thynk uth Eggshibishun? Wy, e sed, it's varra grand, varra. Aw sed, has ta sin th' greyt dymun, koed the Ko-e-noor? E sed, nooa. Then, aw sed, dus ta kno wheere th' krystil fountun is, then? Not us aw knaw on, e sed. Wel, ses aw, theaw miss'd thee rode, mon, to maw thynkin, we not bringin

th' owd wummun we thee, fur theaw'l luke o bonny foo wen theaw gets bak to Deawsburi, us theaw koes it, un connut tel um naut noathur obeawt th' greyt dymun, nur th' krystil fountun, nur naut elze, us aw see on, but ther's appen noboddi no fawser nur theesel, weere theaw koms fro. Aw sed gud da to thee, an tak kare o theesel, un wen theaw gets whome ogen, gie maw respekts to th' owd wummun, un tel hur, us theaw seed o felley fro Rachde; aw gess theaw con rekillekt that, e theaw con thynk o naut elze. Wat o chap fur to goo fro whome, to be shure!

Th' next us aw seed wor sum grand furniter, cheers, tabuls, peeanus, un sich loike, un aftur thame o greyt rook o veri grand thyngs for churchus; lamps, shandleers, un sum mak o thyngs koed kandelabros, aw nevr yerd sich o naime us that ofore.

Fro there aw went un seed o rook o Raleway Inguns, un sum grand Karrigus ogen. Us aw stooede theree thynks aw to mesel, ther's o noyse vastli loike o faktury, un aw went un stuk me yed hinto o dur ole, un, bith mon, iv aw dident see sum faktury foke worchin. In aw went in o minnit, un aw did stayre sum wen aw seed oppo th' wole, e greyt letturs, "Rochdale Machinery." Aw nudg't o chap, o gentulmun, aw gess, aw shud ko im, un towd im fur to luke ut thoose big letturs, un aw sed, aw kom fro theree, mon. E sed, doo u, Sir? Aw sed, ah, aw doo, fur shure, un aw sed, dun yo see thoose masheens we Maysun on? Aw kno im, mon, aw sed, un th' plaze weere e manefakturs um, un aw noed his faythur ofore im. Aw thaut us he'd appen o bin axin me summut obeawt oathur th' masheens ur Rachde, but e push't on omung th' creawd o foke, un aw laust seete on im. Thynks aw to mesel, yo're welley us ill us that Yorshur chap; fur aut us aw con see, yo wanten fur to kno naut, un aw cud o towd yo summut us yo nevr noed ofore. O mon towd me us th' Quene ud bin in, un hoo taukt tuth faktury lassus us wor theree, us nise us iv they'd bin hur oan childer. Eh! wat o nise wummun th' Quene is, fur shure; hoo desarves o us they diden for hur wen hoo koome to Manchesstur. Wat dun yo thynk us o owd felley koed eawt too hur us hoo wor gooin eawt o Sawfurth hinto Manchesstur, osoide uth Viktorea Brige. Waw, us th' karrigus wor komin just oeronent weere e wor, e thrutched hissel forrud un kept twerlin his kap reawnd ogen un ogen, un e luke't us e wor welley fit to brast, ut last ov o, wen e geet reawm fur to oppen his meawth, e koed eawt us leawd us evur he cud, "Eh! God bless thee, las, aw noed thee faythur, un aw noed thee gronfaythur, un aw nevr ad o balleyful o meyte whol they'rn here, but us soune us evur theaw koome aw geet o balleyful, un ov ad plenti to heyte evur sin." Bith mon, that chap wor o gud un, wern't e?

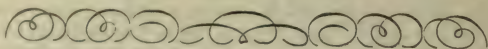
Aw koome next too o plaze us aw dar sa evuri boddi ul rekillekt, it wor 'freshment reawm. Eh! ther wor sum stok o foke in, fur shure, o on um heytin un suppin us ard us evur they cuden.

Ther mun o bin mony o waggin lodd o veyle pyes un thyngs het-
 ten. It capt me weere o th' ise koome fro, fur aw seed mony o
 skore o glas fuls hetten whol aw wor in, un it hadent startud o
 freezin wen aw laft Rachde, un it wor warm, veri, e Lundun.
 Heawsumevur, aw ax'd o chap obeawt it, un e sed o deyle on it
 koome fro Omerika, un wor presarvt e kowd plazus, sellurs un
 sich loike. Aw geet sixpenurth o veyle pye ogen, un ax'd fur o
 bottul o pop, un, bith mon, iv e hadent th' impiduns fur to ax me
 sixpunze for it, un aw ad it to pay too. Aw towd th' waitur us
 aw cud get haure o duzen bottuls fur that e Rachde, but aw met
 us wele o bin taukin tuth hemty pop bottul, fur aut us e kared, so
 aw jaw'd im o bit we axin im, heaw leets they hadent o sixpuny
 katolog o ther heyтин stuf to sel. Us aw seete theere, o ut wonst
 aw seed evuri boddi welley turnin ther yeds fur to luke ut sum-
 mut, un us sounne us od turnt me oan yed, wat shud aw see but o
 greyt gyant comin hinto th' reawm. Eh! wat o chap, th' biggest
 mon us evur aw seed e maw loife, th' lungest un th' biggest chap e
 Rachde ud be o foo too im, un e waukt deawn th' reawm us
 streyte us o pokur, un e smyelt ut th' foke us e went by, us iv e
 wor wele plect fur to be stayrt at so. E wor koed, us aw wor
 towd, Mestur Robart Hales, the Norfuk gyant, un e wor wonst in
 o sho, un neaw e keepes o aleheawse e Lundun sumweere. Aw
 follud im tuth botham uth reawm, fur aw wantud fur to see heaw
 mich o mon o that soize cud polish hoff ith heyтин loine o won doo,
 but e koed fur naut, so aw gess e mut ov ad his whack o summut
 ofore e laft whome. E made me thynk o that greyt mon us David
 kilt, us th' Skriptur tels on; Golya, aw thynk, e wor koed. It
 mun kost im summut e clewus; waw, aw shud thynk us won ov
 his quots ud may me bowth o quot, o singlet, un breechus, un
 leggins besaide, aw wodent be us big us im o no keawnt. Wen e
 wor gwon eawt, aw keawert me deawn ogen, un us aw wor heyтин
 o tuppenny kake, aw yerd too chaps osoide on me taukin, un won
 on um aw cud yer wor o greyt foo, un aw cud ardlly howd me din,
 un aw kept mesel quite us lung us evur aw cud. Ut last ov o, aw
 yerd im foindin faut we th' Eggshibishun. E sed ther wor sich o
 rook o foriners komin oer whol they'd foind eawt th' wake plazus
 e this kuntry weere they cud yeasiest lond at, un sum toime we
 shud av o lott on um komin oer un killin us o. Bith mon, wen
 aw yerd that aw cud howd no lungur, un so aw sed Mestur, iv yo
 plez? un e sed, Sur. Aw sed, aw bin yerrin yo tauk obeawt th'
 foriners foindin eawt th' wake plazus e this kuntry; neaw, aw sed,
 yo mun oathur av o wake plaze, ur o sauft spot e yore yed, ur elze
 yo'd nevr tauk e that rode. Eh! heaw e stayert at me, un e sed,
 "whoo are you?" Waw, aw sed, mesel to be shure. E sed, "moind
 yer oan bisnes, then." Aw sed, aw am dooin, mon, it's maw bisnes
 fur to luke aftur me nativ lond, un fur to stop sich nowmuns us
 thee fro freetenin foke, we taukin obeawt th' enemi comin to kil
 us o. Aw sed, dun yo kno weere Rachde is? E sed, "No." Wel,
 but, aw sed, aw doo, fur aw kom fro theere, un we'n sum sodiers
 there koed Yomunre, gentulmen sodiers that meyns, un aw sed,

nobbut let thoose chaps yer us th' enemi wor londin, un they'd be oppo ther orsus e no toime, un ony too on um ud kil o Frenshmun ; thre on um wod, om shure. Han yo nevur yerd o Mestur Haneswurth Crouke, aw sed, fur e's uth yed on um ; e's o sperit marchunt. Thoose ur the chaps fur feightin, mon. Eh! heaw e wod ko eawt, "At um aw, kil um, lads," to his sodiers ith enemi wor osoide on um, saime toime, aw dar say, us e'd o deyle raythur ko eawt fur um to be kilt, nur hause fur to kil ony on um hissel. But aw sed, it's no mak o use me taukin to thee, oathur obeawt Rachde or Rachde foke, e theaw dulent kno weere it is, un so aw geet op fur to goo, un aw sed, aw gess we parten frends, dun us? O yes, e sed, "Onli try to mind yor oan bisnes in futur." Wel, aw sed, un ol bid thee gud day, we just this peese o hadvise, us theaw con bottul op whel theaw gets whome, wen theaw tauks ogen obeawt oathur sauft ur wake plazus, rekillekt wat aw sed to thee. obeawt that sauft spot e thaw yed, un we that aw laft im. Bith mon, to maw thynkin, aw gan yo o lung chaptur neaw, un we this okeawnt uth diskorse us aw ad we that chap we th' sauft spot in his yed, ol finish we nobbut tellin yo us ther'l be

Naut elze e this Fift Chaptur, nobbut this pratty piktur uth Krystil Palus.





Chaptur Sixt.

Obeawt gooin hinto Rushy, un seein thoose Mally Kite durs.—O bit uv o doo we o Poleese.—Obeawt o doancin Bare, un seein Mestur Wauker.—O tale obeawt Billy Dawsun, o Methody Preychur.—Seein sum Go-to-persha, un gettin o saup o sum-mut koed O-de-Kolone oppo me hankisher, un o skog we o Bowtun Trottur.

WEN aw laft that felley us aw towed yo on ith' tuther chaptur, aw rambult obeawt owhoile op un deawn, tayin no pertikler notis o naut but th' foke, un sum rungumshus chaps aw seed, ol warrunt yo. Aw seed o greyt rook o childer, fro sum charuty skoo, o drest e whoite tippits, un sum mak o strau bonnits on, un veri wele they o on um luke't, clen un dasunt veri. Ofore aw went ogen op th' stayres, aw went o seein wat ther wor e Rushy, fur od bin towed o no okeawnt fur to mis gooin theere, bekose ther wor o deyle o grand thyngs us they'd bin settin op. Od o deyle o thrutchin fur to get in, but aw manig'd we keepin uth bak ov o greyt brosten chap, us wor thrutchin his rode loike o gud un. Reet ofore me aw seed thoose Mally Kite durs us foke un taukt so mich obeawt, un sum grand they wer'n, fur shure. Aw bin towed us they'rⁿ wurth six theawsun peawnd. Nobbut thynk o six theawsun peawnd fur o pare o durs. Waw, aw cud av o whol heawse bilt, durs un o, us ud howd Jinny un me, fur fifte peawnd, us aw bin towed; that ud be too heawsus fur o hundurth peawnd, un twenti heawsus fur o theawsun peawnd; so oppo that footin aw cud av o hundurth un twenti heawsus bilt, durs un o, fur th' proise o thoose Mally Kite durs, un evuri dur in um ud oppen un shut us wele us thoose. They luke't wele to be shure, but ony mon us ad um in his heawse ud olis be bothurt we um, fur iv o sarvunt lass wor to nok o pese hoff we th' kole box, iv it wor nobbut us big us o pin yed, e'd loyse oboon sixpenurth ut wonst, un iv o these wor fur to breyke in un nok o lump hoff we o hommer, e met tak too ur thre hundurth peawnds' urth we im in his pokit, nobbut thynk o that, un yo'l see us ony won us baut um, ud sune be faine to get shut on um, un av his brass bak ogen. Yo may depend us ther's o greyt deyle o bothur we grand thyngs in o heawse, fur ov yerd mony o won sa us wat we lukin aftur um, un

nokin ogen um, ther's olis summut rang. Fur o us thoose durs luke't us iv they'rn o in o pese, saime loike us o lump o grene glass, aw wor towd us they'rn maide op, o littul bits, us wor festen'd otogethur sum rode. Osoide o thoose durs aw seed o foire plaze, oathur gilt we gowd ur summut loike it, eh! heaw grand it did but luke, saime toime, wat sens cud ther be in o foire plaze o that mak? Cud ony mon livvin foind in his hart fur to put kob koles ur slek oathur, e sich o plaze, un moore pertikler to set foire too um? Ith saime spot aw seed too greyt grand lukin thyngs us they koed vaasus, fur to put waytur in, ur they'd howd churn milk oathur, un thoose wor made o Mally Kite too, un to maw thynkin, they'rn us grand us aut ith Eggshibishun. Aw gess thoose ud kost o theawsun peawnd ur too. Aw wor tutchin won on um fur to fele heaw snod it wor, un o poleese koed eawt "Hands boff. Sur." E sed aw met luke, but aw muttent tutch. Aw sed wel, aw gess aw mun doo us om towd, but, aw sed, noboddi towd me that ith 'freshment reawm, us aw just komn eawt on, saime toime aw kno us aw ad to pay fur tutchin theere, fur od o sixpyny tutch ut nobbut won bottul o pop. Wen e yerd me tauk, e ax'd iv aw dident kom eawt o Lankishur sumweere, un aw sed ah, aw kom fro Rachde, un e sed us e'd bin theere too o hunkel us e ad. Then, aw sed, yo'ne sin th' Church Steps, aw gess, un Tim Bobbin's grave-stone. Wy, e sed, I've bene op the steps, but I never saw the grave-stone. Wel, aw sed, that's quare, fur welley evuri boddii us koms to Rachde gwos o seein weere Tim Bobbin wor berrid. but aw sed, kom, ol tel yo wat ther is on; it ses—

"Heer lies Tim, un we im Mary,
Cheeke be jowl, un never vari;
No wondur ut they so ogree,
Tim wants no punsh, un Mol no tay."

Eh! heaw e lafft wen od sed that. Aw sed, it's tru, fur shure: un, to maw thynkin, th' Viker shud o taen it op un sent it tuth Eggshibishun. Eh! wat lotts o foke wod o bin reedin it. But aw sed, aw mun be lukin aftur me seet seein, ur elze aw's be missin summut, so ol bid yo gud da.

Oppo o tabul ith saime plaize, (aw meyne Rushy,) aw seed th' shap ov o mon we o doancin Bare, made o silvur, un it luke't un-kommun wele—eh! us natteruble us natteruble cud be. Th' Bare wor stonnin oppo it too hinndmust legs, un th' chap ad owd on it we o peese o thik silvur bant, un e'd o short wip in his hond fur to may it doance we, wen e hommert o littul drum us e ad we th' tuther hond. E wor raythur o forin loike lukin chap; aw gess e wor fro Rushy. Onuther pratty lukin thyng, made o silvur, wor koed the Rushun Untsmun, un osoide o that aw seed won koed the Silvur Jug. It wor o wummun, un uth bak on hur o tub we o baskit on, un o kat heytn summut eawt uth baskit, otogethur mayin nobbut won silvur pitchur, un sum wele it luke't. O wik

O RACHDE FELLEY'S OKEAWNT UTH EGGSHIBISHUN.

Bare's won uth feawest craturs us o mon con set his een on, un it's o wele enuf fur o silvir un fur to be made to ston oppo too legs; but aw wodent howd we ony mon gooin thru th' kuntry un mayin o poor cratur loike that, ston uv it too legs fur to plez foos we, fur no mon in his sensus cud be wele plest we sich o seet, un saime loike om ogen Munkis beein dun so too, for e ther Makur ud ment um fur to ston oppo too legs E'd never o gan um fore. Heaw wod o mon wat's made fur to goo oppo too legs, loike fur to be made to goo oppo his honds un neese; noane ut o, to maw thynkin. Aw nevir gan o chap o that mak o haupenny; it's o low-loife't, begurly rode o gettin o livvin; un iv o mon's karak-ter's knone bith kumpany us e kepes, wat mak ov o chap mun that be wat's olis we o doancin Bare? Aw sin sick loike nowmuns e Rachde ofore neaw, un aw no payshuns we um.

Besoide wat aw neaw bin tellin yo on, aw seed o greyt deyle moore nise silvir thyngs, us aw connut just rekillekt obeawt, but, otogethur, it wor o grand seet, veri; un as fur thoose Mally Kite durs, aw's nevir furget um us lung us aw liv, om shure. Eh! wat brass fur won pare o durs,—six theawsun peawnd, fur shure. Bith mon, aw munnut furget sum jewils, us they koed um, us aw seed,—that ul nevir doo. Aw wor towd us they'rn sent be o Ladi fro Rushy, un us they'rn wurth thre theawsun peawnd, un aw cud o put um o e me breechus pokit. Aw nevir seed sich o plaze us th' Eggshibishun fur seein stuf us wor wurth so mich brass, us wod goo hinto sich littul reawm. Aw wantud fur to kno summut obeawt thoose jewils ov o Rushy chap us stooode theere fur to tak kare on um, un aw ax'd im tuthre questins, but aw nevir geet naut but won onsur, un that wor "Thre tousun powns;" un aw dar sa iv od ax'd im wat aw met kut his yed hoff for, e'd o sed "Thre tousun powns." Nobbut thynk ov o chap comin to Eng-lun, un settin hoff fro Rushy we obut knowin thre Inglish wurd, un thoose "Thre tousun powns." 'Sposing sum aleheawse-keepur, wen e londed, ud ax'd im heaw mich e'd loike fur to giv o weke fur o reawm in his heawse fur to liv in, un e'd o made onsur we that bit o Inglish, wat o foo e wod o luke't, un heaw e met o bin taen in. Aw wondur mony o toime us they speykun aut but Inglish ony weere, it's so mich yesier fur to understand nur aut elze, un od no truble we larnin it, un it ud kost me mony o peawnd fur to larn oathur Frensh or Rushy tauk, un o deyle o bothur besoide.

Fro Rushy aw went op th' stares, un us aw wor gooin op, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Charls Wauker, fro Rachde, but us aw thaut us e mettent kno me, aw sed naut too im, fur o mon lukes sich o foo wen e axis onuther mon heaw e is, un sich loike, un gets towd we th' mon us e's hausin fur to tauk too, us e dusent rekil-lekt im. Aw wor wonst dun so too, but nevir no moore, ol tak kare. Heawsumevur, aw noed Mestur Wauker; he mays baskits un keawnty voates, un lukes aftur th' Raddikil voates e Rachde,

un noes o obeawt lekshuneerin un sich loike. Wat o clevur chap e mun be, fur shure. Let's see! E wed Mestur Richard Bakur grondauter, iv om noane mistaen, un e gwas tuth Methody chappil. Aw thynk e's won o thoose Methody reformurs, us they koen um. Wat o shyne they han kikt op ith kuntry, fur shure. They wanten th' owd Methodis fur to giv in to summut us they sen wants auterashun, un th' preychurs sen us they nevir win doo; so they han it omung um, un wich ul win, noboddi noes, us aw conyer on. It's o greyt pitty ut ther shud be sich foin eawt omung um, isent it? Aw went tuth Methody Sunda Skoo, wen aw wor o lad, un geet o me larnin theere, un so has mony o won e Rachde besaide me. Wat o deyle o maks o Methodis ther is neaw, isent ther? Waw, ther's th' owd Methodis, un th' Nu Connekshun Methodis, un th' Sosiashun Methodis, un th' Rantur Methodis, un aw shud thynk us ony boddi met get fittud op we aut us they wantud ith Methody lyne, e sum o thoose plazus. Aw wonst yerd o preychur ith owd Methody chappil, us they koed Billy Dausun; e koome fro Yorshur sumweere. Eh! wat o preychur e wor, fur shure. E wor preychin fur th' Sunda Skoo, un aw gan um sixpunze wen th' boxus koome reawnd, aw did, fur shure. O chap towd me us wonst wen Billy wor preychin e Leeds, e wor taukin obeawt David un Golya, un e wor tellin heaw David went eawt fur to feight that big chap, un heaw e put o stoane hinto his sling, un nokt im deawn we sendin it hinto th' frunt ov his yed, un sich loike, un e wor just beawn fur to tel obeawt David cuttin his yed hoff, wen o chap us wor ith chappil sheawtud eawt, "Hoff we his yed, Billy," fur e'd dun it so wele whol th' felley ud aktily furgetten weere e wor, un sheawtud eawt e that rode. Eh! heaw e wod get stayrt at. Aw dunnut meyne fur to brag obeawt givin that brass wen aw yerd Billy, but aw thaunt us od getten o deyle o me larnin e that skoo, it wor us littul us aw cud doo fur to giv um summut, un iv it hadent bin fur skoos o won mak ur onuther, aw shud nevir o bin roitin o buke us aw am dooin just mete neaw, heaw cud aw?

Wen aw geet op hinto th' galury ogen, aw seed th' payntud windus ogen, un th' karpits, un aw koome too o rooke uth grandest pots fro Stafurdshur, us evur ony mon clapt his een on. Aw seed too greyt vaasus us they koen um, us aw wor towd kost welley fifte peawnd. Nobbut thynk o that. Un aw seed sum grand figurs o diferunt maks made o Go-to-persha, that nu mak o stuf us they usen fur shune neaw, un they sen us they con welley may it hinto aut. Han yo nevir sin that stag un o lott o moore thyngs us Mestur Nikelson as in his windo, e Drake-strete? They sen e has put sum stok on it oppo foke shune. Aw wonst ad o pare dun mesel, un won mornin they'd bin o greyt fraust, un wen aw geet hinto th' strete aw kept slurrin obeawt just mete saime us iv od skates on, un ut last ov o, deawn aw went, un koome bang we me yed ogen o greyt stoane, un ol be hang'd iv aw dident thynk fur owhoile us aw wor dun for; heawsumevur, o chap elp't me op

ogen, un od to goo forrud loike o tom cat treyding oppo whott sindurs, un thynks aw to mesel, e this us th' rode us they gwon to Persha, ol stop owhome til aw get sum gradely English lethur o me shune. But aw wor towd fur to treyde sum sond hinto um, un they wer'n raythur bettur iv oathur. They sen us that Go-to-Persha coms fro th' Indis, un runs eawt uv o tree; it's veri quare, isent it?

Th' next us aw seed wor o lott o peeanus. Eh! wat o rooke on um ther wor e diferunt plazus ith Eggshibishun, un sum on um, aw wor towd, fot us mich us too hundurth ginneys; sum stok o brass, that is. Ther wor sum greyt orgins, too, us big, evuri bit, us thoose they han e chappils un churchus. Wen aw seed o mon blowin th' ballis o won on um, aw unbethaut me obeawt o lad us wonst went too o church, un e geet sumweere us e cud see im us blow'd, but noane ov im us play'd, un wen e geet whome ogen, e towd his muthur us hoo shud o bin there fur to see th' fun, fur e seed o chap pumpin musik eawt ov o greyt cubbart.

Aw seed o lott o lektrifyin masheens, un magik lanthrums, un o maks o pokit bukes, un then aw seed o littul fountun us foke wor howdin ther hankichers undur, un aw ax'd o mon wot they wor weetin um e that rode for? O, e sed, it's o fountun uv O-de-Colone, un they dippen ther hankichers in fur to smel at. Wel, aw sed, then ol av o doo, un aw wor reychin me noze duster too it, wen o mon koed eawt, "It's onli fur Ladis, Sur." Wel, but, aw sed, yo mun just let me av o saup, fur yo knone ov o noze us wele us thame, un aw nevur yerd o that mak o stuf ofore, us aw kno on. Besoide, aw komn o th' way fro Rachde, un aw pade me shillin un shudent loike fur to mis naut, un e yo han it to sel aw's appen be o kustumer oathur neaw ur sumtoime elze, fur ov o bit ov o noshun o gettin wed sum toime. We that e lafft, un just leet me bob won kornur o me hankicher in, un, bith mon, iv aw dident smel o day, loike o posey, us Ladis dun, aw did, fur shure. Sune aftur that aw koome to sum kannuns un guns, un sum quare maks o thyngs koed barometurs. Od loike to furgetten fur to tel yo, us won o thoose orgins us aw bin ritin obeawt ad foive theawsun poipes in. Whoo'd o thaut it? O bit fur on, aw seed sich o creawd o foke stonnin ith frunt ov o greyt glas kase, but aw cuddent get fur to luke, ther wor so mony foke there. Heawsumevur, ut last uv o, aw geet raythur eawt o tempur, loike, we watchin so lung un loysin so mich toime, un so aw sed to o poleese, "Am aw to ston stayrin heere o da loike o foo, un see naut, wen aw pade me shillin us wele us thame?" But dident e may um kut ther stiks e fyne style? E koed eawt, "Moove on, Ladis, moove on;" un aw crom'd mesel forrud e no toime; un, eh! wat o seet aw did but see,—sich splendashus thyngs us aw nevur noathur seed nur yerd tel on ofore; un they'rn o made o silvur un gowd. Aw seed th' shap o th' Duke o Wellington oppo orsebak, un Bonypart saime loike, un grand silvur trays, un dishus, un tay pots; eh! mony o skore

o thyngs o that mak, un o silvur kamil, we o mon howdin it we o pese o silvur bant; im made o silvur too. Un then aw koom to onuther kaze saime loike, grandur, iv oathur, nur tuther, un sum stok o foke ther wer'n lukin at um, so mony, whol aw cudent get close too um. Thynks aw to mesel, it ul doo noane fur me to kepe waytin heere, but o ut wonst aw unbethaut me wat th' poleese ad sed, un we that aw koed eawt, "Neaw, moove on, ladis un gentulmen;" un, bith mon, iv aw dident shuv mesel forrud in o crak. Won chap luke't raythur pottert us ud laust his spot, wen e fund it eawt us it wor nobbut me us koed eawt, un noane o poleese, saime toime, wat did aw kare, it wor evuri mon fur hissels, un aw wor reet enuf wen aw geet hinto th' spot us e laft. To maw thynkin, ther ardlly evur wor us mich silvur un gowd e won plaze otogethur, nobbut e Solomun tempul, us Skriptur tels on. Eh! wat o lott, fur shure.

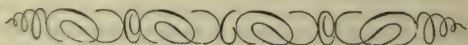
Aw wor gettin tyert neaw, un so aw keawert me deawn e won kornur uth galury, to luke uth foke, un see um gooin eawt un comin in, fur they wer'n dooin bwoth o th' da oer, nobbut they'ru raythur thrunger gooin eawt ut neet, wen it wor givin oer toime: but o deyle on yo ul kno obeawt that, aw dar sa. O mon koom un keawert hissels osoide o me, un startud heyting sum brade un chees, un suppin summut eawt uv o bottul, but wat it wor, wor naut to me, as aw kno on, saime toime it smelt vastli loike sum mak o tostikatin likker. Thynks aw to mesel, yo're meterly loike o Rachde chap, owd felley, un aw detarmint far to get to kno weere e koom fro, iv aw cud. Aw waytud whol e swollud o greyt pese o brade un chees, us made his chops ston eawt welley loike o foote bo, un aw sed, "This us o grand consarn, maistur, isent it?" E sed, "It's grandest seet us evur aw seed e maw loife, un om sury fur to lev it, but om beawn fur't goo whoame to-morn." E sed, "Dun yo see weere that watur fizus op,—aw meyne th' krystil fountun?" Aw sed, "Ah, aw doo." "Wel," e sed. "That owd chap us stons theere, we leet-culurt breechus un leggins on, us maw fatthur, un e's beawn fur't goo bak we me; we koom togethur, bwoth on us." Aw sed to im, "Aw say?" un e sed, "Wat dus t'sa?" "Waw," aw sed, "ol bet thee six-pennurth o veyle pye us aw con gess weere bwoth thee un the fatthur komn fro." "Dun we thee," e sed. "Wel, then," aw sed, "to kom tuth poynt, yo're Bowtun trotters." "Heaw the dikons cud yo foind that eawt?" e sed, un e stayert ut me loike o stikt shepe. "Waw," aw sed, "aw noed in o minnit wen aw yerd thee tauk obeawt watur un fatthur." Aw sed, om o Rachde felley, mon, un we're meterly fause theere, ol warrunt te. We'n o deyle o skoos weere foke con get larnin, bwoth warty skoos un Sunda skoos. Let's see, aw sed, ther's Littlewud skoo, un Atkinson's skoo, un th' Church skoo, un th' Moss skoo, un Peepul's Hinstitude skoo, weere Mestur Wels teychus; eh! e's o clefur chap, is that felley; un then, besoide o theese, we'n lotts o threpuny skoos, un nobbut luke wat o rooke o Sunda skoos

we han. Neaw, aw sed, ol tel thee heaw fur to foind eawt Berry foke, un that's noane so fur fro Bowtun, theaw noes. Wen ther taukin obeawt o chap gooin ony weere, they olis sen, e's beawn fur't goo, un they axen im e this rode, "Weere ar't beawn fur't goo?" Neaw, aw sed, theaw mun heyte that sixpennurth o veyle pye us aw wun on thee, thesel, un ol gie thee that tuther larnin us aw towd thee on, in uth bargain. Aw ax'd im iv ther wor o deyle o foke komn fro Bowtun tuth Greyt Eggshibishun, un e sed ther wor o deyle. Won chap, e sed, us koome op o dooin summut obeawt masheenury, wor so plest whol e sent fur his faythur un muthur, us wor bwoth oboone seventi yer owd; un e sed, sum foke wer so plest fur to see th' owd kraturs gooin fur to av o bit ov o seet o Lundun, whol they geet sum musishuners fur to pla um op to th' ralerode, un seet um hoff in o grandish mak ov o style. They sed'en, wen they ad o seet o Lundun, it ud sarve um fur to tauk obeawt wen they geet owd foke; nobbut thynk o that, un they'rn oboone seventi yer owd then. Aw wonst yerd ov o owd chap, us liv'd sumweere obeawt Rachde, us ad thre uv his lads livin we im. Noane on um ad nevur bin wed, un th' yungist on um ud turn't seventi yer owd. So, won da; theese thre chaps gatud o foine eawt, un th' owd felley went too um un gan um o gud blowin op, un sed, yo yung kubs, wat wod yo be at? Fyne kubs, thoose, wer'nt they? Ello! this Bowtun chap koed eawt, un aw sed, wat art te elloin at? Waw, e sed, dun yo see o mon komin eawt o Chiney, o fresh-lukin chap. Ah, aw sed, aw doo, un o dasunt-lukin felley e is, ses aw. Wel, e sed, ol bet yo sixpunze us yo dunnut kno whoo e is? Aw sed, aw dar sa theaw wil; un aw sed, ol bet thee o shillin us ol foind o theawsun foke heere, un theaw winnut kno nevur o mon jak on um. But, aw sed, whoo is that chap us theaw's bin showin me. O, e sed, it's Mestur Grene, o lonlort fro Bowtun; aw knone im mony o yer. Wel, aw sed, is e o trottin soart uv o chap, ur heaw? Waw, e sed, e's o dasunt mak uv o chap, veri, un has sum nise lassus. But, aw sed, aw mun be gooin, mon, un theaw mun gie maw re-spekts to thee owd faythur yon, un tel im us aw wish im wele, fur o us aw dunnut kno im eggsaktly. Aw seet hoff un laft im, but aw turn't mesel bak ogen, un aw sed, ol tel thee wat. Un e sed, wat has ta getten fur t' sa? Aw sed too im, theaw munnut be mad, neaw, ut wat om beawn fur to sa, but yo Bowtun foke ur th' biggest foos us aw kno on. E sed, dust meyne fur t' sa us om o foo, be-kose e theaw dus —. Stop o bit, mon, aw sed, un yer wat om beawn fur to sa, ur elze theaw'l be missin thee rode, mon. Aw want noane to fo eawt wee thee, saime toime aw tel thee ogen us yo're o parsil o foos un nowmuns e Bowtun ut tis presunt toime. Aw dunnut sa us yo'ne olis bin so, but, bith mon, it is so neaw. Wel, e sed, but aw want fur t' kno wat we'r foos for? Wel, aw sed, ol tel thee, nobbut av o bit o payshuns. Luke wat yo'ne dun; aw tel thee ogen us yo mun be foos, fur th' kuntry cuddent be carrid on iv uther foke diden us yo dun e Bowtun. E sed, wat the hangmun dus ta kepe koin us foos for, 'beawt tellin me wat it's

oer? Wel, aw sed, e theaw'l nobbut giv oer o thee gausterin, ol let thee yer. Luke wat yo'ne dun; yo'ne sent tuth Parleyment too chaps—won's o Raddikil, un tuther's o Tori: won gwos to undoo wat tuther dus; un iv evuri plaze did saime loike, we shud be o ut o ston stil, mon. Luke ut us e Rachde, aw sed; we olis senden o gradely Raddikil tuth Parleyment Heawse, us ul doo summut fur th' poor foke; obut wonst we mist it, wen o Tori geet in, but we didnt doo that o purpus. Neaw, aw sed, wen theaw gets whome ogen, gie maw respekts to Bowtun foke, un tel um us sich loike trottin ul do noane; it winnut, mon, aw tel thee ogen. E wor beawn fur to sa summut, but aw laft im, un us aw wor gooin aw sed, "Neaw, goo to thee fatthur, mon." Ther use't fur to be o rooke o foke oppo Bowtun-moore us wor koed Belgians, chaps us wor olis reddy fur ony mak o ruff wark, gradely kossuks, they wer'n, aw bin towld, un wen ther wor aut to doo e Bowtun, ut lekshun toimes, ur ony toime elze, they'd o komn deawn we stiks un sich loike, freetenin foke welley eawt o ther wits. But, aw gess, they darnut doo so neaw, fur they'n o lott o sodiers sum-weere obeawt theere neaw, saime loike us we han e Rachde,—yomunre, aw meyne, we red quots, un guns, un swerds. Aw yerd us sum on um koome oer tuth sodier bawl us ther wor tuther neet ith Publik Hall, un they sen us o deyle o sodiers us wor doancin theere, nevur gan oer til th' faktury foke wor gooin to ther wark ith mornin. Arder wark, to maw thynkin, nur ony feightin us they'n ad fur to doo, so fur. But aw mun drop it, fur

Th' Sixt Chaptur's to lung oreddy.





Chaptur Sebent.

Obeawt wat aw seed moore ith Krystil Palus.—Seein Mestur Ormurt un his woife.—Th' last seet uth Greyt Eggshibishun.—Seein Billy Mills's lad.—Koin ut o okshun reawn, un loike fur to bin chettud.—Geet thik we o chap us turn't eawt o arrunt raskul.—Obeawt o terrubul consarn, we beein throttelt eawt uv o ginney, un beein taen ofore o Justis, us did no justis ut o.

WEN aw laft that Bowtun chap, aw went forruds, un aw kept gooin furst hinto won plaze, un then hinto onuther, whol aw thaut aw nevir shud ha dun; un us aw towd yo ofore, aw shud be o foo, iv aw haus'd fur to roite deawn obeawt o us aw seed; besaide, ther's o deyle o bukes beein printud we foke us ur moore fur larn't nur me, us ul tel yo o obeawt it, un mis naut, aw dar sa. Heawsumevur, ther's just o tuthre moore thyngs us aw mun insens yo hinto ofore aw giv oer. Aw seed sum loife botes, un sum beds we naut but wynte in, us wor bloan ful, just mete saime us o mon blose o bleddur op. Thoose beds wor fur foke to tak tuth sa, to save um iv aut appent, fur beein dreawnt; un then aw seed summut welley loike laddurs, koed "foire 'scapes:" they'rn fur to put op ogen heawsus us wor ofoire fur th' foke to get eawt we. Aw seed sum saime loike e Lundun stretes won neet, stonnin theree reddy iv ony boddi wantud um, fur ther's welley o foire evuri neet e Lundun, sumweere. Foke mun be karlis, to maw thynkin, fur wer welley o twelmun, mony o toime, e Rachde, beawt avin o foire, nobbut thoose we han fur to get us dinnurs reddy we, un sich loike. Us aw wor gooin deawn th' stares ogen, whoo shud aw see but Mestur Ormurt un his woife, lethur-sellur. E noed me, un aw noed im, un e ax'd me heaw aw wor, un sich loike, un wen aw koome fro Rachde, un wat aw thaut uth Eggshibishun, un weere aw stay'd o neet at, un heaw aw koome, un wich rode aw wor gooin bak, un iv od evur bin e Lundun ofore; bith mon, e kept me gooin fur to onsur im, welley us fast us ony wummun cud tauk. His faythur un maw faythur wor bwoth Methodis, un us thik us inkle weyvurs. Let's see—aw thynk im un Doktor Cotes, un

Mestur Sam Yep, o wed thre sisturs, iv om noane mistaen. Doktur Cotes livs e Lundun neaw. O chap us aw kno seed im theree. Aw gess foke wanten fisikin theree saime us they dun e uther spots. Eh! ther mun be sum stok o pills un stuf taen theree, sich o rooke o foke us ther is.

Wen od bid im gud day, aw went hinto wat they koen the mane havenue, un wen ov towld yo obeawt tuthre moore thyngs us aw seed theree, aw shol finish maw okeawnt o bwoth wat aw seed un yerd ith Greyt Eggshibishun. Won terrubul consarn us aw seed wor, th' shap o too chaps teein o felley fast oppo o wyld orse. It wor koed Mazeppo. Eh! it wor sum wele dun. But wat o consarn it mut be fur that chap wen th' orse wor let lose, we im festent oppo it bak. Eh! it wod gallup sum. It wur wor nur hangin o chap, to maw thyinkin.

Nesht us aw seed wor koed "the happi chylt." It wor keawert deawn oppo it baksoide, un wor playin we o littul Punsh, obeawt th' mikel ov o bottul o Massakur oyle, un sum plest th' littul cratur luke't. Osoide o that wor onuther, koed "the unhappi chylt," un it wor playin we o littul drum, un wor cryin bekose it ud sent th' drum-stik thru won end uth drum. Eh! heaw natterubul it wor, fur shure. Aw luke't at it whol aw welley thaut us aw cud yer it cry. Th' nesht us aw koome too, wor too childer oppo orsebak, un o Hindiu pooin o arro eawt ov his leg, us sum raskul ud fyert hinto im; un then, th' Babes ith Wud, un lotts moore us aw dar sa yo'ne kare naut mich obeawt. Un so neaw aw startud fur to kom eawt, un lev th' Krystil Palus un o thoose foine thyngs us aw bin hausin to tel yo obeawt; un aw wor raythur deawnkest wen aw thaut us aw shud nevr see um ogen; but wat mut be, aw gess, mut be, un so aw cuddent elp mesel. Aw koed us aw wor gooin eawt to av o last seet uth greyt dymun un th' krystil fountun, un then aw turnt me bak oppo won uth grandist seats us evur aw mun clap maw een on, om shure. Wen aw geet eawt, aw fund th' stretes us thrung us evur. Heawsumevur, aw seet hoff o seein wat ther wor ith teawn, un aw hadent gwon fur ofore aw seed Billy Mills's lad, us livs e Drake-strete. His faythur sels news un sich loike. E wor nokin oway, loike o gud un, omung o greyt lott o foke, un e stayert obeawt im us iv e wor takkin stok ov o Lundun, un sum gloppent e luke't. Aw dar sa e'd av o vast seet o news o won mak ur onuther, fur to tel his faythur wen e geet whome ogen to Rachde.

Wen aw geet thru Trafalgur-square, aw seed o mon stonnin ut o shop dur, koin o foke fur to goo hinto o okshun reawm, un e sed they'rn sellin hoff veri chep. So aw went in, un stooede omung o greyt rooke o foke, just fur to watch ther gooins on; fur aw wantud naut, not aw. Aw geet thik we o chap us wor stonnin theree, us aw thaut wor o daysunt felley, fur e wor clen un wele drest, veri; but wen yo foinden eawt o bit fur on wat mak ov o

chap e wor, yo'ne be sum gloppent, aw kno, fur e wor won uth grandist raskuls us evur geet hinto o pare o breechus. Od getten on so wele so fur, whol aut obeawt pikpokits un sich loike nevr koome hinto maw yed, wen aw wor taukin to that greyt raskul ov o rapskallion skeawndril thefe, us om beawn fur to tel yo on ofore lung. This powedurt koome op to me ith okshun reawm, un e nudg'd me we his hond, un wen aw turn'd mesel too im, e put his meawth klose to me, un sed e didnt want onyboddi fur to yer im, but aw mut tak kare o me brass e theese okshun reawms. Aw sed, om obleeght to yo, om shure, but ov nobbut o owd ginney peese e me pokit, besaide obeawt o shillin 'urth o brass. Wel, e sed, (skeawndril, us e wor), I've put o soverin e me meawth, were I thynk it ul be saif enuf. Wel, aw sed, that's wele thaut on, Maistur, un ol doo th' saime. So aw cromm'd me ginney hinto me meawth, just mete saime us o cheaw o bacco. Sune aftur od dun that, aw wor watchin th' okshuneere sellin o veri splendashus chylt's frok, un sum chap bid twenti shillin for't, un th' okshuneere luke't ut me, un sed, thank u Sir,—twenti un sixpunze is bid. Thynks aw to mesel, yo'ne naut fur to thank me for, us aw kno on. Heawsumevur, aw yerd im in o while nok th' chylt's frok hoff fur twenti un sixpunze, un, bith mon, ith chap us wor waytin on im didnt bring it to me, un ax't me fur th' brass. Aw thaut om noane beawn fur to be dun, fur ol be buttert iv ony on um con tel weere me gowd is, un so aw sed, wat dus te bring thee chylt's frok to me for? O, e sed, you're the last biddur. Am aw be hang'd us loike, aw sed, om noane wed, mon, un wat mun aw doo we o chylt's frok? So then, th' okshuneere koed eawt, it's your's, Sir—u gave me a nod, and konsequently it was nock'd down to u. Aw sed, aw tel yo ogen ol ha naut to doo we't. Am aw to pa fur o chylt's frok evuri toime us aw nod me yed, aw sed, aw thynk yo dunnut kno weere aw kom fro? Heawsumevur, too ur thre chaps us stooede there, sed, us they'd sin me bid, un they'rn fur mayin me ha th' frok whethur ur not, un aw seed us they'rn o rouges uv o lump, un aw wor detarmin'd aw woddent be dun. Aw sed, yo con drop yo're gausterin us sune us yo loiken, fur aw nevr bid naut, noathur we noddin me yed nur oppenin me meawth, un iv yo getten ony brass fro me, aw dunnut kom fro Rachde; besaide, aw sed, aw nobbut getten fiftenepens e me pokit, un e that chylt's frok mun be moine, aw mun av it oppo tryste, that's o. Aw noed us od sum gowd e me meawth, but aw wor noane sich o foo us to tel thame. Aw seed neaw as aw wor to mony for im, so wen e thaut us od no brass, e dropt it, un sed us aw wor no gentulmun. Aw sed, wel, om noane beawn fur to fo eawt we yo oppo that questin, saime toime aw kno sumboddi, aw dar sa, us thynks us om us mich ov o gentulmun us yo, evuri bit; but, aw sed, ol tel yo wat, nesht toime us yo hausen fur to umbug onyboddi, just ax um e they komn fro Rachde, fur e they dun, yo'l may naut on um, yo may depend. E startud then un unloast sum mak o pots, us wor teed op we clewkin un pappur, un e sed, now me man, wil u bid at this—here's o bargain for yo. Aw sed, thoose ur naut e maw

rode, mon, fur ther to britchil fur me, e yo'ne aut ut's chep un lennok, aws appen av o bit uv o doo we yo. E ax'd me wat aw meynt we sayin lennok. Aw sed, waw, yo met nevur o bin tuth skoo, mon, fur onyboddi, weere aw kom fro, knoes us lennok meyns thamp, un aut wat's raythur lennok ur thamp, mun be sauft. Bith mon, iv e dident luke us auvish us o gonner, un loike us iv e cuddent gawm o bit o gradely English, so aw koome eawt un laft im. That gentulmun us od getten so thik we, (raskul, aw shud ko im), went eawt we me, un e sed od bettur kepe me ginney e me meawth whol aw geet thru th' Strand, it wor sich o rode, e sed, fur pik pokits; so aw thank't im, un e shooke honds we me, an aw bid im gud neet. Nobbut thynk o that skeawndril uv o hypocryte, but yo'l yer obeawt im o bit fur on.

Wen od getten obeawt hauve o moile fro th' okshun reawm, o lad koome runnin past me, un tumbult oer o stoane ur summut, us aw thaut, un we foin, e slattert sum haupenies us e ad in his hond, un startud o bellin eawt us iv he'd bin ill puns'd. Aw wor sury fur th' lad, un so aw gaytud o elpin im fur to gether op his brass. Wen od welley finisht, o mon axt th' lad iv he'd fund o th' brass us wor laust, un e startud o cryin ogen, un sed us he'd fund it o but o ginney pese us e ad, un, bith mon, iv th' littul powedurt dident boke his fingur ut me, un sed us aw ad it e me meawth; un he'd no sannur sed that, nur sum chap geet fast howd o me throte we his honds, un welly throttlet me blak ith faze, koin eawt, saime toime, fur me to drop th' lad's ginney eawt o me meawth. Aw noed wele us od naut e me meawth but wat belung'd to mesel; but wat cud aw doo? Aw wor beawn to be throttelt to deyth fur aut us aw noed, so aw oppent me meawth, un eawt koome me ginney oppo th' floore. Eh! wat o arrunt raskul uv o thefe, fur shure. Whoo dun yo thynk it wor us ud bin howdin me throte. Waw, wen aw koome to mesel, bith mon, iv aw dident see us it wor th' saime rapskallion us od getten thik we ith okshun reawm. Eh! wat o skamp—e disarves hangin twice oer. Th' worst uv o wor us wen th' foke seed th' gowd drop eawt o me meawth, theyr'n welley fit to poo me e pesus, un sed wat o rogue aw mut be fur to want to steyle th' lad's brass e that rode. Aw tow'd um ogen un ogen, us it wor my oan ginney, un aw sed, that skeawndril us ud throttelt me wor th' veri chap us hadvist me fur to put it hinto me meawth, us noboddi met steyle it; un aw sed, aw dunnut kno wat yo thynken, but aw ko it no joak fur to av me ginney stown un be koed o rogue in uth bargain we o lot o now-muns loike yo. But aw sed, om noane beawn to be dun, yo'l see: un we that, aw tow'd o poleese us koome op, o obeawt it, un heaw od bin throttelt eawt uv o ginney us od worch'd ard for, ofore aw laft Rachde. Wy, th' poleese sed, this gentulmun ses it belongs the boy. Waw, aw sed, that chap us yo kone o gentulmun, us won uth arruntist raskuls us evur geet hinto o pare o shune, un aw cun proove it too. Wel, e sed, u must all go with me, un oway we o wenten, un o kreadw o foke aftur us, un in owhoile we koome

to sum plaze us we went hinto, un op sum stayres, til we koome too o greyt reawm we o rooke o foke in, un o mon sittin in o cheer, we o greyt wig on. Th' poleese tow'd im wat he'd sin un yerd, un then e turn't to me un ax'd wat aw ad fur to sa; un aw sed, aw gues yo're o justis, iv yo plez? Wy, e sed, I'll try to doo u justis, my man. Now, tel us wat u av to say. So aw tow'd im us od komn fro Rachde to se th' Greyt Eggshibishun, un o obeawt gettin thik we that chap ith okshun reawm, un wat he'd hadvys't me fur to doo, un heaw th' saime mon ud elp'd that lad fur to steyle me ginney; un aw sed, e yo dun justis ut tis toime, aw shol lev this spot we that brass e me pokit, us thoose raskuls un getten. We that, e ax'd that gentulmun thefe wat e ad fur to say; un, ol be hang'd, ith villun dident say us he'd nevr sin me ofore noweere, un us e noathur noed me nur th' lad. Aw sed, he's lyin, Mestur Justis, e is fur shure, yo may depend, un e's naut but o arrunt thefe, us shure us om stonnin ofore yo. Stop, my man, e sed, u must be silunt. I'm afayd I can do nothing for u. Wat, aw sed, connut yo ordur im fur to gie me that ginney bak us he's stown. But e sed, the boy ses it belongs to im; but av you any one that saw u put the ginney in you're mowth. To be shure, aw sed, that chap there bwoth seed me, un hadvyst me fur to doo it. So e ax'd im iv it wor so, un th' lyin powsedurt sed us e nevr seed me ofore, noweere. Wel, aw sed, aw wondur us he's noane feyrd o being struken deyd, fur e noes us he's o lyin thefe us shure us yo're o justis. Wel, e sed, I'm sorri I can do nothing for u, my man; I'm afayd u've faulen hinto bad hands, and I'm veri sorri. Un so am aw, aw sed, but sich loike justis durent disaktly shute me, un its noane sich us wod o bin dun e Rachde, iv od braut that thefe ofore oather Willium Chedik, ur Clemunt; fur oathur o thoose ud o made that skeawndril potter eawt maw ginney, aw kno they wod'en, urelze he'd o bin sent to Manchester Nu Baley. We o koome eawt neaw; un wen aw geet hinto th' strete, aw turnt mesel reawnd, o purpus fur to ax that waistril ov o thefe, heaw e cud fur shaime uv his faze—un bith, mon, iv bwoth im un th' lad wer'nt eawt uth seet. Eh! they met weele kut ther theevin stiks, mettent they? Shuddent aw o dresst th' nots hoff um; od o letten um see, iv od nobbut ad o chans o bloin eawt o bit. Eh! wat rogues, fur shure. Un nobbut thynk o me loysin me gowd, un bein taen fur o thefe in uth bargin. Aw shuddent o gettin thik we that skamp, shud aw? Aw wor penni wise un ginney fulish. Aw wor sum deawnkest us aw wor gooin whoame, fur bein dun so. Od no pluk ut o fur ony moore seet-seein that neet, un so aw went streyt forrud to me lodgins. Un, we this okeawnt o that terrubul throttlin konsarn,

Ol finish th' Sevent Chaptur.



Chaptur Weight.

Obeawt gooin to Bukingum Palus, un seein hur grashus Magestie un Prins Halburt.—Seein Q gardins, us belang'd to th' Quene's hunkel, th' King o Ann Over, us deed o weke ur too sin.—Obeawt o quare tre koed the Viktoorea Reegia, us aw seed grewin e waytur.—Obeawt bein raythur tomony fur o chap, us aw wor gooin bak, un o lettur us aw geet fro Jinney, un summut elze, us yo'l see wen yo komn too it.

Aw finish't op th' last chaptur we tellin yo obeawt that throttelin dooment. Un wen aw geet to Mestur Simun Pikes, un towd im obeawt bein chetted eawt uv o ginney, we that lyin feffinecute, e seed us aw wor dun, un e cud say naut, nobbut us aw mut be moore watchfo, toime fur to kom. Wen aw went to bed, aw wor o lung whoile ofore aw cud fo osleep, aw wor moydert so we studyin obeawt that misfortin us aw towd yo on; un wen aw did fo osleep, aw wor maunderin un dremin welley o neet obeawt pikpokits un rouges. I'th mornin, aw detarmint fur to may th' best on't, be-kose they sen, "wat connut be kewurt mun be enduert." Wen od ad me breykfust, aw went streyt to Bukingum Palus, weere th' Quene livs, un ardlly notist ony boddi oppo th' rode, fur od ad enuf o that mak o wark th' neet ofore, un aw detarmint to kepe mesel to mesel ith futer. Aw seed th' banner flyin oppo th' top uth Palus, un so aw noed we that us th' Queen wor owhome, un aw did so want fur to get o seet on hur. Aw geet fare oeront th' frunt dur, o purpus fur to av o gradely seet. Eh! wat o greyt bildin it is, fur shure. Ther mun be sum stok o foires fur to beet in o mornin. Aw ax'd o sodier us wor waukin obeawt we o gun oppo his shilder, ith Quene wor beawn fur to kom eawt, un he sed, hoo wor just gooin tuth Greyt Eggshibishun; un so aw went okross th' rode, un aw haddent stooed theere mcny minnits, ofore aw seed sum carrigus komin eawt; un so aw pood me hat hoff us sharp us leetenin, un stroak't me ure deawn us snod us evur aw cud. Aw bwoth wantud to see un be sin, un so aw stooed be messel, un wen her grashus Majestie koome oeront weere aw wor, aw startud o twerlin me hat reawnd me yed, loike o heawse o foire, un sheawtud. ello, ello, whol me throte wor welly sore; un hith, mon, iv aw dident see hur nudge Prins Halburt fur to luke, un bwoth on um smylt un nodded ther yeds at me—they diden, fur shure. Eh! aw did fele sum quare, pertiklur wen aw seed um laff; un aw kept twerlin un sheawtin oway, whol hoo'd gotten o hundurth yards hoff.

to maw thynkin. Aw wor raythur moydert we seein mesel so klose tuth Quene o Inglun un hur husbun; un wen aw koome to mesel, aw unbethaut me us od made o bit uv o blundur, we koin eawt ello, osted uv urra, saime toime it mattert naut mich, fur won's us gud us tuther, fur aut us aw kno. Od us leefte o follud th' Quene, un gwon ogen hinto th' Krystil Palus, but aw dident loike fur to pay hauve o kreaune, pertiklur us od bin robb'd, us aw towd yo on. Next us aw did, wor to spir me rode tuth waytur soide, fur to get hinto o steyme pakit, fur to av o roide deawn to wat they koen Q gardins; un sum plest aw wor oppo th' rode we thynkin us od sin th' Quene. Aw wor noane so lung we foindin o bote, un hoff we seete deawn wat they koen th' Rivur Tems. Eh! it wor sum uv o way fro won soide tuth tuther. Th' brode waytur e Rachde us o foo too it; un ther wor sum stok o steym pakits sailin op un deawn, welly o on um crom'd we foke enew fur to may um goo oer th' yed. Un they'rn o deyle o botes besaide, we naut but koles in, bwoth kob un slek. They han no kolpits obeawt Lundun, they sen, so they mun ha sum stok to fot fro won plaze ur onuther, munnut they? Eh! aw did get sum freetent us we'rn gooin underneyth won uth bridgus; aw wor lukin ut th' reech komin eawt uth top uth chimbley, un o uth suddin, to maw thynkin, it startud o foin disaktly weere aw stooode; bith, mon, but aw jumpt loike o Hindiun rubber bo, un wor eawt uth rode e no time; un sum felleys us wor osoide on me, startud o laffin fit fur to brast ther-sels. Aw turnt mesel reawnd fur to see iv ony mischoance ud be-fone onyboddi elze, un wat shud aw see but th' verri same irn chimbley stretchin itsel op ogen to weere aw thaut it ud fone fro. Thynks aw to mesel, that's quarist marluk us evur aw seed we o chimbley e maw loive; un so aw went un ax'd o chap obeawt it, un e towd me us th' chimbley wor to lung fur to goo underneyth th' bridgus, un so, we turning o hondel, it deawkt itsel deawn, just mete saime us o big chap dus, wen e has fur to goo thru o littul dur ole. Wern't it very quare? Aw seed mony o won feyrd us wele us me, first toime us they'd sin it dun.

Wen we koome to Q, aw follud th' foke us wur gooin tuth gar-dins, un in we o wenten, beawt payin aut. Eh! wat o bonny spot, for shure, un th' gras wor us snod us o mowdewarp skin, un th' wauks un o, wor us clen un smoote us o heawse floore ov o Setterde neet. They'rn so pertiklur whol noboddi wor 'leawd to heyte aut insoide, feyrd us th' crums met deet th' floore; un ony-boddi us appent fur to be katcht dooin aut o that mak, wor oathur wele flyted, urelze turnt eawt. Aw cud tel yo a greyt deyle obeawt o greyt glas heawse, we treese in fro forin parts, un whott heawsus un sich loike? but aw'v noathur toime nur reawm fur to say aut moore, obut to tel yo obeawt o quare thyng us ad o heawse to itsel. It wor koed the Viktoria Reegea, un koome, us aw wor towd, fro Seawth Amerika; un th' quarist thyng uv o wor, us it grew ith botham uv o lott o waytur, un sent it levs op tuth top, un theree they wer'ne swimmin loike o lott o greyt poncakes, nobbut they'rn

grene. Un so neaw, o us aw getten to say moore obeawt these Q gardins is, us iv ony on yo leets fur to goo to Lundun, yo mun be shure fur to goo un see um fur yoresels; un rekillekt us ther's naut to pay. Aw wor towd us theese gardins, un o heawse us ther is, belung'd to th' King o Anover, o hunkel uth Quene's; but he's dey'd neaw: e nobbut deed tuthre day's sin.

Us we'rn sailin bak ogen to Lundun, aw seed o chap us wor waukin op un deawn th' pakit, kest his een mony o toime oppo me; un thynks aw to mesel, yo're op to summut noane so gud, owd mon—appen o pikpokit ur onuthur ginney thefe, fur aut us aw kno. Us aw wor studdyin wat o greyt waytur it wor us we'rn sailin op, th' saime felley koome osoide o me, un startud o taukin, un aw thaut, theaw'l be fause e theaw gets thik wi me, aw kno. Heawsumevur, e sed, its o butiful day, Sur. Aw sed, heaw didnen yo foind that eawt? Thynks aw, no moore gettin thik we Lundun foke fur me. Wy, e sed, any won can perseewe that. Waw, then, aw sed, e that kaze, heaw leets yo fur to thynk us aw needud tellin. Aw ko it loysin bwoth toime un wynt. We that e raythur stayert o bit, un sed, oh! In o bit e try'd it on ogen, un sed, do u get hoff ut Lundun brige, Sir? Aw sed, aw get hoff weere aw giv oer stoppin on. You're rather short, me man, e sed. Ah, aw sed, om o ginney short, but no moore e that loine fur me, Wel, e sed, I'm sorri iv u've met with a loss. Noane hauve us seuri us me, aw sed; un besoide, aw sed, they olis sen, us "sin sorro's noane felt." But, aw sed, ol tel yo won thyng, Maistur, un yo munnut be mad at me for sayin so, but whol aw stop e this kuntre, aw sholl olis tay bwoth yo un evuriboddi elze, us aw kno naut obeawt, fur bein no bettur nur yo shudden be. Wel, e sed, u're o kewreus mortul. Wat part ov Lundun may u be stayin at? Waw, aw sed, om stayin there weere om stoppin at, fur shure. E wor beawn fur to say summut, but just ut tis presunt toime th' bote pood op ut o plaze weere e ad fur to get hoff; un us e wor levin, aw koed eawt too im, aw raythur moore whoite e me een nur yo thynkin on, mon; aw con tel o B fro o bul foote, mon, yet. Aw raythur tikkelt sum chaps us stooode there un yerd wat aw sed.

Sune aftur, aw londed mesel, un seet hoff to Gumshun-strete, fur it wor gettin lat, un aw stopt noweere oppo th' rode, nobbut o littul bit fur to see Punsh un Judy, un sum wele it wor dun, fur shure. Wen Mestur Punsh wor nockin Judy's yed we his stik, thynks aw to mesel, aw woddent kare e that chap's yed wor theree us chettud me eawt o that ginney, saime toime, aw shuddent o wantud im fur to be kilt, nobbut pown obit. Mestur Pike wor gwon eawt wen aw geet in, un so aw geet me suppur un went to bed, un we maunderin so th' neet ofore, aw slept loike o top.

Us aw wor gettin me breykfust nesht mornin, Mestur Pike braut me o lettur us ud komn fro sumweere, un aw cudden fur th' loive on me gues weere it koome fro. Aw loukt in, furst ut won

end, un then ut tuther, un aw turn't it oer un oer ogen, un speylt th' direkshuns oer mony o toime, but aw cuddent, fur th' loive on me, gawm weere it koome fro; so, ut last uv o, aw kut it oppen un undubelt it, un whoo dun yo thynk it shud be fro but Jinney hursel. Eh! aw wor sum gloppent un fane too, un ol just tel yo wat they'rn in. It startud e this rode:—

Pim Ole-strete,
Rachde.

Maw Dere Bob,

These fu loines koms hoppin, fur to foind thee wele un harti, us they leven me ut tis presunt toime, thank God for it. Eh! aw wor sum plect this mornin fur to get o lettur fro thee, un aw nevr wor so gloppent e maw loive, us aw wor wen aw yerd us theaw'd bin ith Parleyment heawse. O mon dusent kno wen e koms hinto th' wurd, wat e may leet to get op too ofore e dees—dus e? It wod nevr o hentert hinto maw yed, nur thyne noathur, wonst uv o day, us evur theaw'd o gwon to Lundun ut o, un sa naut obeawt th' Parleyment heawse. Om wele plect us theaw loikes ut Mestur Pikes; un thee muther ses us theaw mun tak kare o thoose foriners us theaw towd obeawt e thaw lettur. Aw shol be sum fane fur to yer thee tel obeawt wat theaw's sin we gooin to Lundun, un moore pertiklur wen we getten hinto o heawse uv us oane. Theaw ses e thaw lettur, us it ul noane be thaw faut iv its lung ofore, un, om shure, iv it ul be onyhoddi's faut, it ul be noane o moine. Thee muthur ses us aw mun tel thee us th' owd soo's ferried height littul pigs, un us Jone o Rutchuts laust his shop last weke we getten drunken. Wat o fool isent he. Aw bin nittin thee o pare o stokins, un they'n be reddy be theaw koms whome ogen nesht weke. Aw baut mesel o nu bonnit, but aw welly getten it hinto me yed, us aw shannut put it on ofore theaw noes wen, un theaw ses it ul noane be lung ofore. Theaw mun tak kare us noboddi steyles naut on thee, fur we'n sin it ith news, us o deyle o foke un ad ther brass stown. Thee muthur ses, us theaw'd better put thee gowd e thee watch fob. Jim ses us he'd o loikt wele enuff fur to bin we thee; but, e ses, us aw mun tel thee, iv evur theaw leets fur to av us mony childur us im, us theaw'l av wark enuff fur to luke ut thee oan eggshibishun o whome, beawt gooin to Lundun. It ul be toime enuff wen it koms, fur to thynk so—winnut it? Aw getten Billy o Jims fur to rite this lettur, bekose theaw sed us theaw'd loike fur to yer fro me. Un so no moore ut presunt fro hur us ul be thyne us lung us hoo's koed

JINNEY.

Yo sin us Jinney nevr geet it hinto hur yed, heaw cud hoo? wen hoo gan me that cawshus, us od bin dun oredy eawt uv o ginney, we that gentlemun thefe, un that waystril uv o lad, but ol bother yo no moore obeawt that consarn, ol drop it, fur it met o bin wor, mettent it?

Us ov dun we th' eggshibishun neaw, ol just tel yo wat aw sin ith news, sin aw geet whome, un sin th' eggshibishun wor shut op, un yo'l see wat o stok o brass ther's bin getten, eh! wat o deyle, fur shure. They'rn fore hundurth peawnd getten we haupennis un pennis fur foke weshin ther honds, un too theawsun fore hundurth un twenti seven peawnd fur wat th' pappur koed "hessenshul konveniunsus," un wat thoose wor, aw kalkilate us yo noane us wele us me. Wel then, they'rn height hundurth un thurte won peawnd thre un thrippunze getten we naut but o chap takkin kare o foke's umbrels un stiks. Th' mon us ad 'freshment reawm, gan foive theawsun foive hundurth peawnd, fur lev to sel veyle pys un pop un sich loike. E met wele ax sixpunze fur sich littul bits, mettent e, un sel his pop so mich dar, nur they dun e Rachde? Wel then, they geete uth durs, gooin in brass, us koome to too hundurth un seventi foive theawsun peawnd, o e silvur, evuri haupenni on't, un then they'rn heighti won theawsun peawnds taen uth durs e naut but gowd, un us mich bad brass us koome otogether to noinety peawnd. Ther mun ha sum stok o skeawndrils gwon in, fur o that bad brass to be pade.

Thees tuthre pertiklurs us aw gan yo neaw, ul finish op o us aw av fur to sa obeawt th' eggshibishun un th' Krystil Palus, un fur o chap loike me, we noane hauve us mich larnin us sum foke han, to maw thynkin aw dun meterly wele, saime toime aw dar sa us mony o won us reeds maw "ful, tru, un pertikler okeawnt" ul be foindin faut we summut, but us aw towd yo ut startin "Englun hexpekts evuri mon fur to doo is duti," un aw bin tryin fur to doo myne, un e foke win fynd faut let um, that's wat aw getten fur to sa.

It wor Setterdi mornin wen aw geet me lettur fro Jinney, un wen od gwon thru it twice, un lapp'd it op ogen, aw startud hoff fur to see wat they koen the "Tems Tunnil." Wat aw seed oppo th' rode, yo'l nevr kno, kekose aws nevr tel noathur yo, nur noboddi elze, fur aw seed naut us yo'd larn aut we, iv yo'rn towd. Wen aw koome to th' Tunnil aw went deawn o greyt rook o steps til aw koome tuth botham, un then aw gues aw wor underneyth th' waytur, un we that bein e me yed o th' whoile, aw cuddent otogethur saddle mesel, fur aw seed wele enuf ith waytur wor fur to brast thru, aw shud be dun for, un it wod o bin o bonny consarn iv od o gan o penni fur to get dreawnt. Th' Tunnil wor leetud we gas, un they'rn stonnins in fur foke to sel stuf at, un to maw thynkin it wor just mete saime us waukin thru o lung steym pon we leets hin. Aw bin towd us it kost six hundurth un foretene theawsun peawnd, o bonny seet o brass that fur borin o ole underneyth th' waytur fur foke to wauk thru ut o penni o pese.

Fro there aw went ramblin obeawt til aw koome to wat they koed Madum Tussawds, un aw went op sum stayres, un wen od pade me shillin, hin aw went, un eh! wat o seet fur shure, Kings

un Quenes be wholsale, un they fare glittert ogen. We' bein raythur tyert aw seete mesel deawn oppo o shet oeronent o rooke o fyne figgers, osoide uv o owd gray yedded chap we o leet culurt quot on, us wor stayrin at um loike o gud un; thynks aw to mesel, th' owd felley mun nevr o bin e sich o spot us this ofore, e luke't so gloppent. Aw sed too im, this us o grand konsarn Mestur, iv yo plez, but e stayert oway un nevr sed naut. Onuther mon as wor nesht to me uth tuther soide sed "u must speke op me man, the old gentulmun's o littul def." Aw sed, o is e? but ol may im yer yo's see, un aw koed eawt raythur leawd, dunnut yo thynk us this us o grand konsarn? But e stayert oway, un seete there us quoite us o meawse. Just then aw seede tuthre foke laffin, un kestin ther een obeawt weere aw wor, un o mon tutcht me shilder un sed, "the old man's wax wurk Sir." Aw sed, nevr, fur shure! Aw gan im o gradely stayre ith faze, un ol be sunken iv e wor'nt o wax chap saime us tuther, but aut moore natteruble cuddent be dun to maw thynkin. Whoo dun yo thynk it wor? Waw, it wor owd Billy Kobbitt, fur aw noed im we wonst yerrin im lektur e Rachde. It wor ith' Unitayriun Chappil, un aw rekillekt veri wele us his kanduls wantud snuffin, un o chap koed eawt ith gallure us they'rn o pare snuffurs osoide on im, un Billy geet owd on um, un made us laff we sayin "aw gues o politikul parsun mun snuf his oan kanduls." E wor o funny owd dog wor Billy, wen e'd o moind. Sum uth figgers wor unkonmon natterul, moore pertiklur thoose us turnt ther yeds reawnd, un heaw that wor dun aw connut gawm fur th' loife on me. Wen aw geet tuth fur end, o chap ax'd me iv od goo hinto th' chaimbur o orrors. Aw sed wat han yo e that orrobul chaimbur us yo koen it? Wy, e sed, o number ov the biggest skoundrils that evur liv'd. Nay, aw sed, yo're mistaen there mon, fur ther's won rapskallion us yo shudden av in ofore th' reawm ul be gradely fit op e that loine, o biggur these to maw thynkin nur ony us yo han there. Who's that e sed? Waw, aw sed, o villun ov o powsedurt ov o thefe, us rouged me eawt uv o ginney tuther day, heawsunnevr aw sed, ol av o bit ov o pepe at um, un aw wor gooin in but e koed eawt, ther's sixpunze to pay. Noane fur me aw sed; od o gien o shillin rathur nur o sin that thefe us aw towd yo on, un om noane sich o foo us to gie yo sixpunze fur to see hawe o duzzen sich loike, un we that, aw turn't mesel reawnd ogen, un wen od luke't ut th' whacks work kraturs whol aw wor tyert aw went streyt whome to Mestur Pike's. It wor Setterde neet, un aw thaut od get in o bit sanner fur wonst.

It's no use me tellin yo, us aw went to bed un geete op th' nesht mornin, aw towd yo that so mony toimes oer, un so ol start we tellin yo, us wen od ad me breykfust aw startud eawt o seechin oathur o church ur o chappil, fur aw wor olis o chap us nevr ram-bult obeawt mich uv o Sunda, fur naut gud nevr koms o that mak o wark. Us aw wor gooin op th' Strand, aw seed o greyt rooke o foke gooin hinto o plaze, un o poleese towd me us it wor

koed Hexetur All, un e sed they'rn beawn fur to be sarvis in, un so aw went op o greyt rook o stayres, un wen aw geet hinto th' dur ole, eh! wat o seet aw did see, they'rn hundurths un theawsunds o foke. Aw geet show'd too o shet, un th' orgin play'd, un we o startud o singin eawt o littul himbukes us wor put ith shets o purpus, un it wor sum grand fur shure, it wor bettur nur evur aw yerd ut o singin day ony weere obeawt Rachde. Th' Skriptur wor red un th' preychur pray'd, un wen we'd dun singin ogen, aw yerd won uth best sarmuns to maw thynkin, us evur koome eawt uv o mon's meawth, un aw loikt so wele whol aw went ogen uth neet, un tuke Mestur Pike we me. Aw shud o towd yo moore obeawt th' preychur, but om short o reawm, fur yo noane veri wele, us it ul do noane fur me to crom o shillinurth hinto o six-puny bouke, fur iv aw doo aw shol be koed o nobstik we thoose us rites boukes loike aw doo.

Od o deyle o tauk we Mestur Pike us we'rn avin us poipes uth Sunde neet, fur aw wor beawn fur to lev im ith mornin, un met nevir see im ogen, un aw towd im iv evur e koome to Rachde od sho im uth Church Steps, un Tim Bobbin's grave stoane, un th' brode waytur, un sich loike. Nesht mornin aw startud hoff to th' ralerode, un we did goo ut sum uv o rattul, heawsumevur aw geete saife bak to Rachde uth Mundi neet. Jinney wor watchin for me uth ralerode, un aw gan hur o bit uv o smeawch un oway we jogg'd to Pim Ole-Strete, un hoo wor us fane fur to see me, us aw wor fur to see hur, un me owd muthur, bles hur, wor us plect us iv hoo hadent sin me fur o twelmun. Ol warrunt yo we'n ad sum stok o diskours obeawt wat aw seed un yerd we gooin tuth greyt eggshibishun e Lundun, un welley evuri day ther's summut komis hinto me yed us aw hannut towd um, whol aw thynk mony o toime us aw shol kepe um gooin o wintur. Un neaw gentul reedur, aw wish yo o deyle o plessur we reedin maw bouke, un iv yo leeten to loike it noane so wele us yo thaut yo shudden o dun, yo mun try fur to thynk, us th' faut's e yorsel un noane ith

FELLEY FRO RACHDE.

DIKSHUNAYRE

FUR THOOSE US UR NOANE SO FUR LARN'T.

Ackwording,	<i>according.</i>	Childer,	<i>children.</i>
Aint,	<i>aunt.</i>	Chimbley,	<i>chimney.</i>
Ankliffe,	<i>ankle.</i>	Cheppur,	<i>cheaper.</i>
Ardly,	<i>scarcely.</i>	Chylt,	<i>child.</i>
Arro,	<i>arrow.</i>	Clapt,	<i>placed.</i>
Arrunt,	<i>downright, real.</i>	Clem,	<i>famish.</i>
Auter,	<i>alter.</i>	Clen,	<i>clean.</i>
Auterashun,	<i>alteration.</i>	Clewkin,	<i>strong twine.</i>
Auvish,	<i>clownish.</i>	Clewus,	<i>clothes.</i>
Av,	<i>have.</i>	Cowd,	<i>cold.</i>
Avin,	<i>having.</i>	Cratur,	<i>creature.</i>
Aw,	<i>I.</i>	Creawd,	<i>crowd.</i>
Aw's	<i>I shall.</i>	Crom'd,	<i>squoze.</i>
Ax	<i>to ask.</i>	Cuddent,	<i>could not.</i>
Axen,	<i>ask.</i>	Culurt,	<i>coloured.</i>
Baggin,	<i>afternoon meal.</i>	Cuvert,	<i>covered.</i>
Ballis,	<i>bellows.</i>	Dar,	<i>dear.</i>
Bant,	<i>string.</i>	Dar,	<i>dare.</i>
Baut,	<i>bought.</i>	Dasunt,	<i>decent.</i>
Beawn,	<i>going.</i>	Deawn,	<i>down.</i>
Beawt,	<i>without.</i>	Deawnkest,	<i>downcast.</i>
Beet,	<i>light.</i>	Deawk'd	<i>lowered.</i>
Befone,	<i>befallen.</i>	Deawts,	<i>doubts.</i>
Bekose,	<i>because.</i>	Dee,	<i>die.</i>
Bellin,	<i>crying.</i>	Deede,	<i>died.</i>
Berrid,	<i>buried.</i>	Deetud,	<i>wet, dirtied.</i>
'Bewsin,	<i>abusing.</i>	Deyd,	<i>dead.</i>
Beyrds,	<i>beards.</i>	Deyle,	<i>deal.</i>
Bleddur,	<i>bladder.</i>	Didelt,	<i>cheated.</i>
Bloan,	<i>blown.</i>	Disaktly,	<i>exactly.</i>
Bo,	<i>ball.</i>	Doancin,	<i>dancing.</i>
Boked	<i>pointed.</i>	Dreawn't,	<i>drowned.</i>
Bowd,	<i>bold.</i>	Dun,	<i>cheated.</i>
Brade,	<i>bread.</i>	Dun,	<i>do.</i>
Brass,	<i>money.</i>	Dunnut,	<i>do not.</i>
Brast,	<i>burst.</i>	Dur,	<i>door.</i>
Braut,	<i>brought.</i>	Dusent,	<i>does not.</i>
Brids,	<i>birds.</i>	Dymun,	<i>diamond.</i>
Britchil,	<i>brittle.</i>	E,	<i>he, if, in.</i>
Brosten,	<i>fat, overgrown.</i>	Eawt,	<i>out.</i>
Brunnin,	<i>burning.</i>	Eddicrop,	<i>spider.</i>
Brunt,	<i>burnt.</i>	Een,	<i>eyes.</i>
Bwoth,	<i>both.</i>	Eldur,	<i>rather.</i>
Capt,	<i>astonished.</i>	Elp,	<i>help.</i>
Cheers,	<i>chairs.</i>	Elpin,	<i>assisting.</i>
Chetted,	<i>cheated.</i>	Enew,	<i>enough.</i>

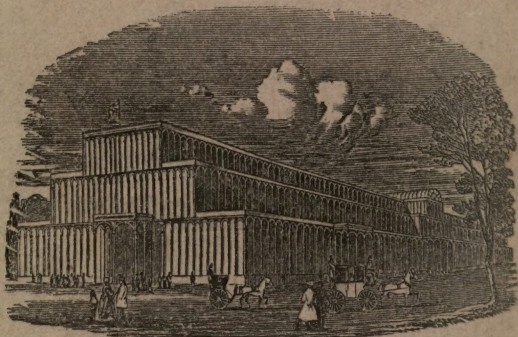
Fane,	<i>glad.</i>	Hauve,	<i>half.</i>
Fare,	<i>right, proper.</i>	Heaw,	<i>how.</i>
Fause,	<i>cunning.</i>	Heawse,	<i>house.</i>
Faut,	<i>fault.</i>	Hektorin,	<i>domineering.</i>
Feawest,	<i>most ugly.</i>	Hetten,	<i>eaten.</i>
Feffnecute,	<i>hypocrite.</i>	Heyte,	<i>eat.</i>
Feight,	<i>fight.</i>	Heytin,	<i>eating.</i>
Feighthen,	<i>fighting.</i>	Hindayvur,	<i>endeavor.</i>
Felley,	<i>man, chap.</i>	Hoo,	<i>who, she.</i>
Fend,	<i>provide.</i>	Hoo'd,	<i>she would.</i>
Festen,	<i>fasten.</i>	Hommer,	<i>hammer.</i>
Fete,	<i>feet.</i>	Howd,	<i>hold.</i>
Feyrd,	<i>afraid.</i>	Hud,	<i>hid.</i>
Flay'd,	<i>frightened.</i>	Insens,	<i>instruct.</i>
Fleawr,	<i>flower, flour.</i>	Irn,	<i>iron.</i>
Flytud,	<i>scolded.</i>	Ith,	<i>if the, in the.</i>
Fo,	<i>fall</i>	Jaw,	<i>jeer.</i>
Foin,	<i>falling.</i>	Karlis,	<i>careless.</i>
Fone,	<i>fallen.</i>	Keaws.	<i>cows.</i>
Fo eawt,	<i>to quarrel.</i>	Keawert,	<i>sat down.</i>
Foo,	<i>fool.</i>	Kerzmus,	<i>Christmas.</i>
Fot,	<i>fetch.</i>	Kest,	<i>cast.</i>
Foyert,	<i>fired.</i>	Keawnty,	<i>county.</i>
Forrud,	<i>forward.</i>	'Keawnt,	<i>account.</i>
Freetent,	<i>frightened.</i>	Kewreus,	<i>curious.</i>
Fraust,	<i>frost.</i>	Ko,	<i>call.</i>
Fund,	<i>found.</i>	Koed,	<i>called.</i>
Gan,	<i>gave.</i>	Koin,	<i>calling.</i>
Gatud,	<i>commenced.</i>	Kolpit,	<i>coalpit.</i>
Gaum,	<i>understand.</i>	Koome,	<i>came.</i>
Gausterin,	<i>boasting.</i>	Kowd,	<i>cold.</i>
Geet,	<i>got.</i>	Knone,	<i>known.</i>
Ginney,	<i>guinea.</i>	Kreawn,	<i>crown.</i>
Gloppent,	<i>astonished.</i>	Labber,	<i>labor.</i>
Gonnor,	<i>gander.</i>	Laft,	<i>left.</i>
Gowd,	<i>gold.</i>	Lafft,	<i>laughed.</i>
Gradely,	<i>real, proper.</i>	Lap,	<i>wrap.</i>
Grewn,	<i>grown.</i>	Lat,	<i>late.</i>
Grewin,	<i>growing.</i>	Lau,	<i>law.</i>
Greyt,	<i>great.</i>	Leaw,	<i>allow.</i>
Gwon,	<i>go, gone.</i>	Leawd,	<i>loud.</i>
Gwos,	<i>goes.</i>	Leefe,	<i>rather.</i>
Ha,	<i>have.</i>	Leet,	<i>meet with.</i>
Haddent,	<i>had not.</i>	Leet,	<i>light.</i>
Hallida,	<i>holyday.</i>	Leeten,	<i>happen.</i>
Han,	<i>have.</i>	Leetenin,	<i>lightning.</i>
Hannut,	<i>have not.</i>	Lep,	<i>leap.</i>
Hassent,	<i>has not.</i>	Lethert,	<i>beat, conquered.</i>
Haupenny,	<i>halfpenny.</i>	Lev,	<i>leave.</i>
Hause,	<i>offer.</i>	Levs,	<i>leaves of a book.</i>

DIKSHUNAYRE FUR THOOSE US UR NOANE SO FUR LARN'T.

Loft,	<i>gallery.</i>	Okshun,	<i>auction.</i>
Lennok,	<i>soft, pliable.</i>	Ol,	<i>I will.</i>
Livven,	<i>live.</i>	Olis,	<i>always.</i>
Londin,	<i>landing.</i>	Om,	<i>I am.</i>
Loyse,	<i>loose.</i>	Onds,	<i>hands.</i>
Maistur,	<i>master.</i>	Onsur,	<i>answer.</i>
Mak,	<i>make, kind.</i>	Oppo,	<i>upon.</i>
Marluk,	<i>trick, spree.</i>	Oredy,	<i>already.</i>
Massakur,	<i>Maccassar.</i>	Osted,	<i>instead.</i>
Maunderin,	<i>dreaming.</i>	O's,	<i>I shall.</i>
Maw,	<i>my.</i>	Osoide,	<i>beside.</i>
Meawse,	<i>mouse.</i>	Owd,	<i>old.</i>
Meawth,	<i>mouth.</i>	Owder,	<i>older.</i>
Mesel,	<i>myself.</i>	Ov,	<i>I have.</i>
Met,	<i>migh t</i>	Owhome,	<i>at home.</i>
Met,	<i>meet with.</i>	Peawnds,	<i>pounds.</i>
Meterly,	<i>moderately.</i>	Pese,	<i>piece.</i>
Mettent,	<i>might not.</i>	Peesus,	<i>pieces.</i>
Meyle,	<i>meal.</i>	Plest,	<i>pleased.</i>
Meyne,	<i>mean.</i>	Plez,	<i>please.</i>
Meyte,	<i>meat.</i>	Poo,	<i>pull.</i>
Mich,	<i>much.</i>	Poo'd,	<i>pull'd.</i>
Mikel,	<i>size.</i>	Popt,	<i>pawned.</i>
Mischoance,	<i>disaster.</i>	Poin,	<i>pulling.</i>
'Mortulize,	<i>immortalize.</i>	Pown,	<i>beaten.</i>
Mowdewarp,	<i>a mole.</i>	Powsedurt,	<i>vagabond.</i>
Mun,	<i>must.</i>	Puns'd,	<i>kicked.</i>
Munnut,	<i>must not.</i>	Q,	<i>Kew.</i>
Mut,	<i>must.</i>	Quare,	<i>curious.</i>
Naturt,	<i>natured.</i>	Qualite,	<i>higher classes.</i>
Naut,	<i>nothing.</i>	Quot,	<i>coat.</i>
Neese,	<i>knees.</i>	Rang,	<i>wrong.</i>
Neet,	<i>night.</i>	Rapskallion,	<i>base fellow.</i>
Nesht,	<i>next.</i>	Reawnd,	<i>round.</i>
Neyve,	<i>fist.</i>	Reawm,	<i>room.</i>
Noane,	<i>none.</i>	Reech,	<i>smoke.</i>
Noed,	<i>knew.</i>	Reet,	<i>right.</i>
Nobbut,	<i>only.</i>	Sa,	<i>say, sea.</i>
No keawnt,	<i>no account.</i>	Sanner,	<i>sooner.</i>
Nowmun,	<i>thick head.</i>	Saup,	<i>sup.</i>
Nu,	<i>new.</i>	'Scuse,	<i>excuse.</i>
O,	<i>a, an, all.</i>	Seawth,	<i>south.</i>
Oathur,	<i>either.</i>	Seed,	<i>saw.</i>
Obeawt,	<i>about.</i>	Seet,	<i>sight.</i>
Oboon,	<i>more than.</i>	Seete hoff,	<i>set off.</i>
Obut,	<i>only, except.</i>	Seawnd,	<i>sound.</i>
Od,	<i>I had.</i>	Seawk,	<i>suck.</i>
Oeronent,	<i>opposite.</i>	Sen,	<i>say.</i>
Ofore,	<i>before.</i>	Setterde,	<i>Saturday.</i>
Ogen,	<i>again.</i>	Seuri,	<i>sorry.</i>

Shan,	<i>shall.</i>	Tryste,	<i>trust.</i>
Sheawtin,	<i>shouting.</i>	Tuth,	<i>to the.</i>
Shet,	<i>seat.</i>	Tuthre,	<i>two or three.</i>
Silder,	<i>shoulder.</i>	Ud,	<i>had, would.</i>
Shol,	<i>shall.</i>	Ul,	<i>will.</i>
Shune,	<i>shoes.</i>	Un,	<i>and, have.</i>
Sin,	<i>seen.</i>	Unbethaut,	<i>recollected.</i>
Sin,	<i>since.</i>	Underneyth,	<i>underneath.</i>
Singlet,	<i>waistcoat.</i>	Ure,	<i>hair.</i>
Skeawndril,	<i>rascal.</i>	Us,	<i>as.</i>
Skeyme,	<i>scheme.</i>	Uth,	<i>of the.</i>
Skog,	<i>debate.</i>	Uv,	<i>on, upon.</i>
Skoo,	<i>school.</i>	Veyle,	<i>veal.</i>
Slattert,	<i>spilled.</i>	Valerashun,	<i>valuation.</i>
Slek,	<i>small coal.</i>	Waistril,	<i>worthless.</i>
Slutch,	<i>mud.</i>	Wake,	<i>weak.</i>
Smo,	<i>small.</i>	Wark,	<i>work.</i>
Smootte,	<i>smooth.</i>	Warty,	<i>week day.</i>
Snod,	<i>smooth, soft.</i>	Watchfo,	<i>watchful.</i>
Sowd,	<i>sold.</i>	Wat's,	<i>who has.</i>
Spir,	<i>enquire.</i>	Waukin,	<i>walking.</i>
Stayert,	<i>gazed.</i>	Waytur,	<i>water.</i>
Steyls,	<i>steals.</i>	We,	<i>with.</i>
Steym,	<i>steam.</i>	Weetin,	<i>wetting.</i>
Streyt,	<i>streight.</i>	Wele,	<i>well.</i>
Stonnin,	<i>standing.</i>	Welley,	<i>almost.</i>
Stown,	<i>stolen.</i>	We'rn,	<i>we were.</i>
Strucken,	<i>struck.</i>	Weyvurs,	<i>weavers.</i>
Summut,	<i>something.</i>	Whol,	<i>while.</i>
Swat,	<i>sweat.</i>	Whome,	<i>home.</i>
Taen,	<i>taken.</i>	Whoo'd,	<i>she would.</i>
Tay,	<i>take.</i>	Whott,	<i>hot.</i>
Tay,	<i>tea.</i>	Wick,	<i>alive.</i>
Taukt,	<i>talked.</i>	Wimmin,	<i>women.</i>
Taukin,	<i>talking.</i>	Win,	<i>will.</i>
Teed,	<i>tied.</i>	Winnut,	<i>will not.</i>
Teein,	<i>tying.</i>	Wo,	<i>wall.</i>
Thamp,	<i>soft.</i>	Wole,	<i>wall.</i>
Thaut,	<i>thought.</i>	Worr,	<i>worse.</i>
Theaw,	<i>thou.</i>	Worchin,	<i>working.</i>
Theaw'rt,	<i>thou art.</i>	Wott,	<i>what.</i>
They'rn,	<i>they were.</i>	Wul,	<i>wool.</i>
Thik,	<i>friendly.</i>	Wur,	<i>worse.</i>
Thrut,	<i>thrust.</i>	Yeasiest,	<i>easiest.</i>
Thrutchin,	<i>thrusting.</i>	Yed,	<i>head.</i>
Towd,	<i>told.</i>	Yer,	<i>hear.</i>
Tostikatin,	<i>intoxicating.</i>	Yerd,	<i>heard.</i>
Tone,	<i>the one.</i>	Yerth,	<i>earth.</i>
Tyert,	<i>tired.</i>	Yollo,	<i>yellow.</i>
Treyde,	<i>tread.</i>	Yo'l,	<i>you will.</i>

17.



TH' KRYSTIL PALUS
IN 1851.